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James M. Carmody

March 17, 1956

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CHRISTIAN HUMANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT

A Symposium in Memory of Paul Claudel

Sponsored by **THE CATHOLIC RENASCENCE SOCIETY**

Lectures in Hunter College Assembly Hall

Monday, April 2, 1956

Tuesday, April 3, 1956

FIRST SESSION

9:00 A.M. Registration

9:30 A.M. *Chairman:* Francis X. Connolly, Pres. Catholic Renaissance Society
Invocation: His Excellency, the Most Reverend Philip J. Furlong, Auxiliary Bishop of New York

Greetings: George Shuster, President of Hunter College of the City of N. Y.

Keynote Address: "Divine and Human and One"—Rev. John Courtney Murray, S.J., Editor *Theological Studies*
10:45 A.M. THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIAN HUMANISM

Chairman: Brother Augustine Philip, F.S.C., Pres. Manhattan College

"Early Christian Culture"—Rev. Herbert Musurillo, S.J., Bellarmine College

"The Patristic Assimilation"—Barry Ulanov, Barnard College

"The Twelfth Century Renaissance"—D.W. Robertson, Jr., Princeton U.

12:45 P.M. Luncheon: Hunter College Dining Hall

Chairman: Francis X. Connolly, Pres. Catholic Renaissance Society

The 1956 Symposium—Mother Grace Monahan, O.S.U., Gen. Chairman

Guest Speaker: Dr. John C. H. Wu, Seton Hall U.

SECOND SESSION

2:15 P.M. THE CLIMAX AND THE CRISIS

Chairman: Serge L. Hughes, St. John's University

"Dante and Petrarch—Two Generations of Humanism"—Rev. William Granger Ryan, Pres. Seton Hill College

"The Conservatism of Renaissance Humanism"—P. Albert Duhamel, Boston College

"Technology and New Perspectives in Christian Humanism"—Rev. Walter J. Ong, S.J., St. Louis U.

Discussion Leader: Dino Bigongiari, Columbia University

4:45 P.M. Informal Tea—The Lounge
5:15 P.M. Annual C.R.S. Business Meeting—Assembly Hall

5:30 P.M. Meeting of the C.R.S. Board of Directors—Assembly Hall

THIRD SESSION

9:00 A.M. THE MODERN CONFLICT

Chairman: Charles J. Donahue, Fordham University

"Tensions in Modern Christian Humanism"—Sir Hugh Taylor, Princeton University

Panel: Jeremiah Durick, St. Michael's Coll.; Sister Mary Francis, S.C., Coll. Mt. St. Vincent; Nicholas Joost, Assumption Coll.; Rev. James M. Somerville, S.J., Fordham U.; Mother Margaret Williams, R.S.C.J., Manhattanville Coll.

11:15 A.M. *Chairman:* Rev. Charles B. Quirk, O.P., Providence College

"The Relevance of Christian Humanism for the World Today"—The Most Reverend John J. Wright, D.D., Bishop of Worcester

12:30 P.M. Luncheon: Hunter College Dining Hall

Chairman: Rev. Norman Weyand, S.J., Chaplain Catholic Renaissance Soc.

"The Interior Life of the Christian Humanist"—Dom Aelred Graham, O.S.B., Portsmouth Priory

FOURTH SESSION

2:15 P.M. PAUL CLAUDEL AND CHRISTIAN HUMANISM

Chairman: Fernand Vial, Fordham U.

"The Theological Ideas of Claudel"—Rev. Raymond Bruckberger, O.P., Writer

"Claudel and the Classical Sources"—Armand Hoog, Princeton U.

"The Poetics of Claudel"—Wallace Fowle, Bennington College

Discussion Leaders:

Joseph Cunneen, Coll. of N. Rochelle
M. René de Lecain, St. John's U.

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Mother Grace Monahan, O.S.U., General Chairman, Coll. of New Rochelle; Dr. Francis X. Connolly, Pres. Catholic Renaissance Society; Sister Mary Francis, S.C., Coll. Mt. St. Vincent; Dr. Barry Ulanov, Barnard Coll.; Dr. Fernand Vial, Fordham U.

Luncheon Reservations should be sent in before March 25 to Mother Grace, O.S.U., Catholic Renaissance, Coll. of New Rochelle, New Rochelle, N. Y.

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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. XCIV No. 25 Whole Number 2444

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Correspondence

Query

EDITOR: In your issue of Feb. 4, I read with interest the protest of Thomas F. Kinghorn of Oklahoma City, Okla., concerning "Talent in Colleges" by Robert Morrissey (AM. 1/7). I was struck particularly by his assertion that he would feel the same way about nuclear weapons were the Russian soldiers occupying New York. I wonder if he would feel the same way if he found the Russian soldiers occupying Oklahoma City.

JAMES WIGETT

Latham, N. Y.

Hurrah for Happy Mothers

EDITOR: Thank you so much for printing Katharine M. Byrne's "Happy Little Wives and Mothers." And thank her, squared and cubed thanks, for writing it. . . .

JANE HOWES

Oakland, Calif.

Science Taking Over?

EDITOR: Since the article of Russell Kirk (AM. 1/28) implies, in part, that science threatens to dominate society, we may ask what, after all, is this dominating science?

Science is simply a branch of knowledge, a bread-and-butter affair since it treats of the physical world alone. It does not control any rich corporations, nor any significant section of the popular vote, nor has it dominance in any government, national, State, or local. Further, as a member of one of the largest scientific societies in the country, I have not noticed any trends in these directions.

Science increases the wealth of man and his physical power. If these things are abused, let us put the blame where it belongs—on the individual or government responsible and not on the scientists.

JAMES G. MURPHY

Silver Spring, Md.

Query on GAW

EDITOR: In regard to the Guaranteed Annual Wage being an application of the doctrine of the Mystical Body (AM. 1/14) I have just this to ask: Is there a mystical body of workers and not a mystical body of employers or consumers or manufacturers?

MATT CLARKE

Champaign, Ill.

Notre Dame de Sion

EDITOR: As a Jewish convert to the faith, I would like to hear from others—either Jewish converts or those interested in the work of Notre Dame de Sion.

NATHAN PAUL JOSEPH RODMAN

16 Parraween St.

Cremona, N. S. W., Australia

Bouquet

EDITOR: May I, in the name of the Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies, tell you of our thanks for Fr. Quentin Lauer, S.J.'s heartwarming article on our work in general and on *The Bridge* in particular?

We have been the happy targets of much praise: *The Bridge* has been called "a courageous work," "a work of real distinction," "a moving spiritual experience of our Jewish-Christian heritage," "an absolutely superb publication Catholics can be proud to have." But nothing has been more effective in reaching those who read than AMERICA's generosity. No review, no advertisement, has ever brought us such a quick and enthusiastic response; orders and inquiries which mention AMERICA are pouring into our office.

MARY RUTH BEDE

Assistant to the Editor

Seton Hall University

Newark, N. J.

Accolade for the Artist

EDITOR: Vincent Summers' illustration for the "Dead Sea Scrolls" was magnificent.

(REV.) PATRICK O'DONNELL

Editor, *Glenmary's Challenge*
Glendale, Ohio

Parish Sociology

EDITOR: Your item in Current Comment on "Managerial Study of the Church" and the editorial "Growing Old Gracefully in St. Louis" (both in issue of Jan. 28) underline the value of studying church organization likewise on the parish level. . . . A beginning, though only a beginning, has been made in American parish sociology—including the work of Fr. Fichter in the South, a "Study of the Aging in a Cleveland Parish"

(Continued on page 676)

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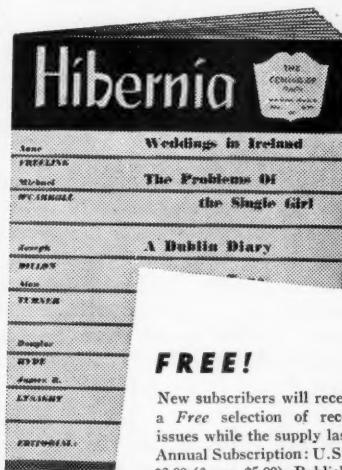
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Fr. Robert Nash, S.J., in
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Current Comment

AROUND THE BENT WORLD

Pope Warns on Red Aid Lure

As the free world searches for the significance of the recent Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist party, an important clue comes from the Vatican. To judge from the Pope's words to the Diplomatic Corps on March 4, one of the threats to peace emerging from the Moscow meeting is the Red call for expanded technical and economic cooperation with the non-Communist world.

Addressing the representatives of the 42 nations presently accredited to the Holy See, the Sovereign Pontiff warned that peace cannot be assured by "militant materialists" who hold up the lure of trade agreements and technical missions. The diplomats had come to the Vatican to express their collective congratulations to the Holy Father on the occasion of his eightieth birthday.

The emphasis that Pius XII put upon this part of the Communists' new program suggests that, to the Vatican, special dangers to peace lurk in the Soviet economic approach. These dangers are greater, perhaps, than those inherent in the revival of the popular-front tactics. To counter them, however, as the Pope also told the diplomats, a "mere quantitative increase of material goods" is not the West's real answer. Economics must be subject to "higher spiritual needs."

Titoist Unions Go Home

Probably only those whose business it is to watch world labor developments noticed a modest AP story from Rome on March 3 telling of the return of Yugoslav unions to the World Federation of Trade Unions. This development has a significance extending far beyond trade-union circles.

The Yugoslav unions, unlike the British Trades Union Congress, our own AFL and other free labor groups, did

not voluntarily withdraw from WFTU. They did not, that is to say, join the democratic protest against Communist domination of WFTU which led to the founding of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. They were expelled from it. They were expelled in 1950 when their boss, Tito, defied Stalin and broke with the Soviet Union.

As the expulsion of the Yugoslav unions signified a split in the Communist world, does their return mean that the split has been fully repaired? In addition to dealing with Moscow on a governmental basis, is Tito now preparing to take out a party card and reassume full Communist membership?

While awaiting the answer to that question, one might profitably reflect on the ideological "savvy" of the AFL. In the councils of the ICFTU it has consistently, and successfully, opposed admitting the Titoist unions to the society of free labor. Their return to WFTU proves once again that under dictatorships workers do what they are told and like it.

Adenauer: Success and Crises

It is likely that many people are confused by recent political events in West Germany. At one moment, a few weeks back, the political fortunes of Chancellor Adenauer seemed at an end. His pro-West policy also seemed slated for defeat. But on March 6 the Lower House of the Federal Republic passed the Soldier's Law by which a force of 500,000 men will become available to Nato. The expectation is that the bill will soon pass the Upper House as well, despite Socialist opposition. Thus, Adenauer's pledge of a German contribution to the defense of the West is in a fair way to realization.

But the threat to Adenauer still remains. The setback of a few weeks ago was the fall of the Christian Demo-

crat government of North Rhine-Westphalia. A group of Free Democrats teamed up with the Socialists to oust Dr. Karl Arnold, for nine years Premier of that populous industrial state. The real object of this change was not Arnold, however, but Adenauer. The Free Democrats were at one with the Socialists in charging the Chancellor with not doing enough for German reunification. They want to see direct negotiations with Moscow.

A March 4 state election in Baden-Wuerttemberg gave the Christian Democrats an increase of six seats in the state legislature. It did not bring, however, any notable loss to the Free Democrats. A coalition on the national level between the businessman's Free Democrat party and the Socialists is hard to conceive. But their common nationalism may yet unite them to overthrow Adenauer, who is too "European" for their tastes.

Morocco's End of an Era

March 2 formally marked the end of an era in Morocco. A joint declaration issued in the name of the French Government and Sultan Mohammed Ben Youssef declared that the treaty establishing Morocco as a French protectorate in 1912 "no longer corresponds to the necessities of modern life and can no longer govern French-Moroccan relations."

Had France faced reality several years ago, much of the violence and bloodshed so characteristic of recent Moroccan history would have been avoided. The erstwhile colonial powers have not yet discovered a force strong enough to stem the tide of nationalism sweeping the underdeveloped areas of the world, nor are they likely to. Morocco was a case in point.

The new protocol governing French-Moroccan relations is only a prelude to a more definitive step. The protectorate treaty has not been abrogated. It has been suspended until the future relationship between the two countries can be worked out in more precise terms. France admittedly must move cautiously out of concern for the several millions of French settlers who have legitimate interests in North Africa.

In the meantime, France has recog-

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nized Moroccan independence, the country's autonomy in foreign relations and its right to maintain an army. The status of Algeria still remains unsettled. Yet, the flexibility finally shown by France in Morocco and Tunisia gives hope that she may soon find the right formula to avert chaos in Algeria.

Dumping Cotton Abroad

To the State Department the Administration decision to sell part of our 12-million-bale cotton surplus on the world market must have been a nasty pill to swallow.

No matter how Secretary Benson and his aides in the Department of Agriculture rationalize the disposal program, it still adds up to "dumping." The Government will be subsidizing—that

is, taking a loss—on every bale of the 3½ to 5 million bales Mr. Benson hopes to sell. But dumping is one of those naughty practices that all exponents of gentlemanly international trade—like our State Department—unanimously condemn.

Nor is that all. The decision to dump cotton abroad is certain to generate heat in all the major cotton-exporting countries. These include Turkey, Egypt and Pakistan in the rumbling Islamic world of the Middle East, and in this hemisphere such good neighbors as Brazil, Mexico and Peru. To quiet protests from these countries the peripatetic Mr. Dulles will have to do some fast and persuasive talking.

The record of this decision would not be complete unless it showed that the farm bloc and a combination of cotton and textile interests in Congress forced the Administration's hand. The

latter threatened to pass a law coupling dumping with quotas on textile imports. That would have torpedoed the President's international trade program. The farm bloc was intent on restoring rigid farm-price supports at 90 per cent of parity. That would have made a shambles of the Administration's farm program. So to head off import quotas and to preserve flexible price supports, Mr. Eisenhower agreed to dump cotton. Whether this gamble with our foreign friends will pay off remains to be seen.

Looking at One Another

Does it matter what other peoples think of us Americans? The National Planning Association thinks it matters a great deal. It says so in a brief statement issued on March 3 and signed

—The Airways at the Service of Christ—

"Preach from the rooftops" is the motto inscribed on the ceiling of the chapel of the Vatican Radio station. Over Rome soar the four towers with their thirteen aerials. They serve the seven ten-kilowatt transmitters that power a station whose purpose it is "that the voice of the Supreme Pastor may be heard throughout the world for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls." How that sublime purpose is fulfilled merits this brief mention on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Vatican Radio's inauguration.

It was in February, 1931. A distinguished gathering surrounded Pope Pius XI at the dedication of the new station. The Secretary of State, Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, was there. So was Guglielmo Marconi, the great radio pioneer, who designed the station and was to direct it till his death in 1937. A hush fell on the entourage when the Pope turned to the microphone. His first words were breath-taking in their apostolic audacity, as he began his address "Unto All Creation."

... We in the first place turn to all things and to all the peoples of the whole world . . . and We say to them: *Hear, O ye heavens, the things I speak. Let the earth give ear to the words of my mouth. Hear these things, all ye nations; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world . . . Give ear, ye islands, and hearken, ye people from afar.*

To God be Our first word: *Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.*

His Holiness then went on to include in the great ambit of his fatherly and apostolic love Catholics, the hierarchy, religious, missionaries, all the faithful, unbelievers and those outside the fold, leaders of the people, subjects, the rich, the poor, laborers and em-

ployers and the afflicted. To each class he addressed words of counsel and comfort.

Since that day there has developed a tremendous apostolate of the airwaves. Today, in addition to carrying the voice of the Holy Father to the ends of the earth—Pope Pius XII broadcast 29 times in 1954 alone—Vatican Radio carries regular news announcements and special broadcasts of Catholic interest. It broadcasts ten hours a day in 29 languages to all parts of the world. More than 100 transmissions are made every week in 15 languages to the people behind the Iron Curtain. Broadcasts are made daily in Czech, Hungarian, Polish, Russian and Slovak. Soviet Russia consistently tries to jam these programs, but never really succeeds.

On special occasions hookups are made with networks in Western Europe, Great Britain and the United States. When this was done last Easter, the Pope's message was heard, at a very modest estimate, by 100 million people.

Pius XII has spoken of

the vital importance of so effective a means of communication in the battle that the Church is waging under all the heavens in behalf of authentic truth, indispensable morality, strict justice and sincere love not only between men, but between nations as well.

Nowhere is that ideal carried out with such passionate devotion and inestimable fruit as over the airwaves that pulse from Station HVJ in Vatican City. Christ is indeed preached from the housetops through what the Pope calls "this marvelous invention," which, like our Apostolic Faith, "embraces all mankind."

HAROLD C. GARDINER

by an outstanding roster of leaders in business, agriculture, labor and the professions. The statement deals with "Governmental Participation in Cultural Exchange Programs."

Much of the success of our military and economic aid programs, and of our foreign policy in general, says the statement, depends on the *general* attitudes of other peoples toward us. Likewise, the general attitude of Americans toward the life and culture of other peoples is important in determining the kind of support that will be forthcoming at home for American foreign policy.

NPA puts a healthy emphasis on correcting the distorted picture many countries have of the United States as obsessed with materialistic values and material satisfactions. We have, indeed, achieved technological triumphs, but "there are non-material qualities of American culture which are of even greater importance to human progress and which, indeed, are in large measure responsible for our material accomplishments."

The challenge is:

These qualities—and their fruits in artistic and intellectual achievements—are not well recognized abroad, and we can and should make them much more apparent to the people of other countries through effective cultural-exchange programs.

The statement's exhortation to the Government to strengthen cultural-exchange programs will be heartily seconded by all concerned with what others think of us.

HERE AT HOME

The Cost of Security

Testifying last month before the Senate Finance Committee, Msgr. John O'Grady made an observation that is certain to be discussed at length when pending amendments to the Social Security Act reach the Senate floor. Discussing improvements in Old Age and Survivors' insurance, the veteran secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities warned that costs might reach the point where the system would be discredited in the eyes of many Americans.

Monsignor O'Grady noted that amendments now under consideration would, if adopted, increase the social-security tax to nine per cent of payrolls by 1975. Since workers pay one-half this tax, that would mean a bite of 4½ per cent from their paychecks. They are now paying only 2 per cent.

The amendments which the Senate Finance Committee is studying were approved last year by the House. One would lower from 65 to 62 the age at which widows become eligible for social-security benefits. Another would grant retirement benefits to totally disabled workers at the age of 50. Such workers now receive nothing until they reach 65. To pay for these improvements, the bill proposes to raise the individual worker's tax one-half per cent.

It is always difficult to say at precisely what point people wish to spend income on present needs and desires in preference to saving for the future. For what it is worth, the united labor movement is convinced that for workers generally the pending amendments do not go beyond that point.

Faith-Healing Over TV

Mainly because a huge TV audience is able to witness the "cures," faith-healing in recent months has to a growing extent caught our collective U. S. imagination. After Jack Gould, New York Times radio and TV columnist, rebuked the TV industry on Feb. 19 for showing the cure-services of Oral Roberts, most popular of the faith-healers, he got over 1,450 letters, most of them roundly condemning him for his stand. The protests were organized by Mr. Roberts, who urged his backers to write.

There is certainly a reasonable doubt that these programs are in the public interest. Of their very nature they play on the hopes and fears of the credulous and ignorant. There is no positive proof that some of the "cures" are not rigged. At any rate, standard medical treatment seems to be flouted. We can wonder how many, viewing such programs in their homes, are impelled to neglect ordinary medical treatment.

In contrast to the emotionalism and the inescapable aura of quackery that

surround such demonstrations, one should consider the miracles of Lourdes.

There cures are effected in a context of serious medical examinations before and after, and both the reality of the disability and the permanence of the cure are duly attested. Moreover, many of the cures are of organic, not merely functional, ailments. Stammering may be "cured" by suggestion, but suggestion can never restore a section of a missing bone or instantaneously annihilate an immense tumor.

TV moguls might well think out whether faith-healing programs are not a disservice to the public good.

Catholic Reading

Last year (6/18, p. 303) we ran a Comment on the reading habits of the senior class of a Cincinnati Catholic high school. It seemed that the vast majority of those polled read secular magazines, while only the veriest smidgin of them read Catholic magazines.

Our camera this year wheels to a city in West Virginia and we get a somewhat different picture. Some 800 students in the city's Catholic high schools were polled. They said that 453 families took the diocesan paper (303 didn't), that 448 families subscribed to Catholic magazines (280 no's). The students themselves read the diocesan paper (281 frequently, 382 infrequently) and the magazines (295 frequently, 260 infrequently).

Moreover, say the students, if they could choose, they would select:

Catholic	
<i>Catholic Digest</i>	258
<i>Extension</i>	238
<i>Sign</i>	139
<i>Queen's Work</i>	59

Secular	
<i>Life</i>	159
<i>Statevepost</i>	153
<i>Seventeen</i>	107
<i>Reader's Digest</i>	30

This picture may be a little too rosy to be real, but one thing does stand out in the poll. If Catholic families subscribe to Catholic papers and magazines, the young people are usually going to pick them up. When asked what most influenced them to read Catholic literature, the top answer

(164) was "the advantage of having them at home."

If these young people (601 thought that Catholic literature had been stressed enough in school) will treasure the exhortations of their teachers, they will have Catholic reading available in *their* homes one of these days, and their children will train their children . . . and so on. We hope it won't be too long a wait.

Three Million and Going Up

The March 4 announcement from the U. S. Office of Education that there are now 3 million college students in the country was received with mixed feelings by the nation. There was pride,

that of a father bragging about the newest exploits of his strapping six-foot son. There was concern, that of a mother waiting for her huge son to bust through the seams of his trousers.

Since last spring, college enrolment has jumped by 250,000—the population of a good-sized city like Dayton or Omaha. But by 1970 educators predict the American college population will have leaped over the six-million mark.

The college world is avowedly unprepared for this invasion of the campus. What is more alarming, aside from the sporadic planning by a few groups and by a few States, not much is being done to prepare.

At the recently concluded Chicago meeting of the 11th National Conference on Higher Education, Dr. B. Lamar Johnson of the University of

California gave the back of his hand to official dilatoriness, stating:

Some States believe planning is not necessary. Others are concerned with their public schools and give no thought to the colleges. Then there is a growing rivalry between public and private institutions, which makes it difficult to get together to plan for future growth.

Dr. Johnson's remarks should make certain ears burn. There are any number of State officers of public instruction, public school officials and educational theorists who have not yet discovered the private school. His remarks may help to remind them, and all of us, that America's educational problems on every level can be solved only by the cooperation of all agencies concerned.

The Consumer Price Index and the Housewife

From time to time AMERICA refers in its columns to something called the Consumer Price Index. Perhaps a brief description of this index, the pride and joy of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, might make these references more meaningful.

Sometimes, though not accurately, called the cost-of-living index, CPI is the Government's best known effort to measure the buying power of the city family's dollar. This it does by recording price changes in consumer goods.

The BLS statisticians start with a "market basket" that reflects the needs and buying habits of an urban wage earner and his family. Into this basket go such items as eggs and chickens, shoes, hats and dresses, bus fare, electricity and many other items. All told, BLS keeps tab on the prices of about 300 items; and it does this in 46 cities from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon.

The items are grouped under such general headings as food, housing, apparel, transportation and medical care. Not all of these categories have the same importance in the family budget. The average family spends more on food, for instance, than on transportation or medical care. Even within the same category, the different items have widely varying impacts on the consumer pocketbook. For Mrs. Doe, the price of potatoes is much more significant than the price of pepper or vinegar. These differences the BLS statisticians take into account.

Once the prices of the 300 items have been grouped for each of the cities, they are joined together in due proportion to form an index market basket for the nation's average city family. Thus, the 1956 buying power of Mrs. Doe's dollar may be compared with its command over the same commodities in previous

years. If Mrs. Doe has to pay more today for the same market basket than she paid last year, then her dollar has lost some of its value.

Since the prewar years, Mrs. Doe's dollar, as we all know, has lost much of its value. If we assume that the index market basket cost her \$1.00 in the 1947-49 period—prices during these years are taken as the point of reference—she could have bought it in 1941 for only 63 cents. Today it is costing her \$1.15. During the last 15 years, Mrs. Doe's dollar has lost almost half its buying power. (Our standard of living has advanced because the average Mrs. Doe has twice as many dollars to spend as she had in 1941.)

In his economic report to Congress last January, President Eisenhower rejoiced that despite a booming economy the CPI had remained practically unchanged. The 1955 dollar ended the year worth just as much as the 1954 dollar. This was good news, though somewhat overstated. The consumer price index varied little solely because food, which counts heavily in the index, dropped so much. It dropped enough to nullify increases in other important items, such as apparel, housing, gas and electricity and medical care. For families, then, which spent a greater than average share of their income on non-food items, the 1955 dollar was worth less than the 1954 dollar.

Even though the CPI is not, then, a perfect measure of the value of the dollar, it does help us to know how well we are meeting the challenge of prosperity. The essence of that challenge is to maintain high levels of production and employment without suffering a big rise in prices. As the President said, and as CPI confirms, so far we have done very well. As she goes shopping with her 1956 dollars, Mrs. Doe hasn't too much to complain about.

Washington Front

For two or three weeks before the Great Decision of Feb. 29, I put the Big Question to a number of "little people"—servants, taxi drivers, policemen, tradesmen, a barber—"Do you think Ike will run again?" With striking unanimity, I got the same answer: "I think he will; but I hope he won't." And more often than not it was added: "Because we love him too much." I have a feeling that this apprehension was expressed by millions of people.

The President himself did not allay this anxiety in his press conference and radio-TV appearance, when at least five times he alluded to the "risk" involved in his decision. And that same night, in his statement, his chief cardiologist, Dr. Paul Dudley White, used the same ominous word "risk," though he quickly added it was a reasonable risk.

This same disquietude is reflected in all the hubbub over the Vice Presidency. Mr. Nixon, as a Vice President up to this, is not a real issue. He has, in fact, made an admirable record, and especially since the heart attack he has conducted himself with great restraint and dignity in the face of sometimes severe provocation, both within and outside the Administration. That he has made enemies among Democrats and

Republican professionals is beside the point. Mr. Eisenhower's support (not yet promised for 1956) could easily carry him through. But the real point about the Vice President this time is this: the unspoken anxiety that asks, "If we vote for a Vice President *this* time, will we really be voting for a future President?" In this context, Mr. Nixon is immaterial. Mr. Eisenhower himself, in his small Key West press conference in the winter, gave voice to this anxiety, when he said in effect that it is a serious matter if there is a break in the middle of a Presidential term. But on the advice of his doctors, he has resolved that to his satisfaction.

His supporters in the White House tell us that he can be spared many small chores: relief from signing innumerable commissions and special bills, reception of Ambassadors, and even visiting firemen, and the blow-hard from way back there who can go back home and can boast he had a *private* audience with the President—all irksome and time-consuming jobs, no doubt. But these are not what he recently described as part of the "most wearing" job in the world. The real grinding tasks he cannot escape are his as commander-in-chief of all armed forces, Chief Magistrate, sole director of foreign policy, head of his party and initiator of most legislation. These tremendous duties cannot be delegated to anyone, even to Sherman Adams, his assistant, an able, loyal and devoted man, but not elected. Mr. Adams may well become an issue in the coming campaign.

WILFRID PARSONS

Underscorings

CHRIST IN OKLAHOMA, Golden Jubilee Yearbook of the Diocese of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, is a beautiful 120-page pictorial history of what the Church has done in that diocese in the last 50 years. More than 300 photos and drawings record every facet of Catholic life in Oklahoma. The book is distributed by Jubilee Book Committee, Box 2123, Tulsa, Okla., \$4.

► **THE FINAL TELECAST** in NBC's series *His Way, His Word*, will be *The Fruitless Fig Tree*, on Sunday, March 25, 2:30 to 3 P.M. (EST). This final program is to be a dramatization of Christ's cursing the barren fig tree.

► **CATHOLIC PRIESTS IN JAPAN** now number 1,250, of whom 250 are native Japanese, according to Bishop Benedict Tomizawa of Sapporo, Japan, now visiting in Honolulu. The number of priests has tripled since World War

II. There are some 250 native brothers and about 3,000 native sisters. Catholics are now 100,000 in a total population of 88 million Japanese.

► **THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES** of St. Ignatius are being presented by radio in two series, one for farmers and one for school children, over Spain's national network, RNE, and several provincial stations. The series began Jan. 15. More than half the bishops of Spain have had loudspeakers mounted in country churches and theatres so that crowds may listen to the broadcasts.

► **MORE IRISH MISSIONERS** were sent in 1955 to Texas than anywhere else, according to the annual report of the Irish Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Among them were 62 Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word and 19 Sisters of the Holy Ghost and Mary Immaculate.

► **PRISONERS WHO CRACK** under torture or in brainwashing will be discussed in a new pamphlet by Bakewell Morrison, S.J., *How Brave Can You Be?* published by The Queen's Work, 3115 So. Grand Blvd., St. Louis 18, Mo., 10¢. What makes some prisoners stand up? They have clear ideals. "You will not break if you love God supremely," writes Fr. Morrison.

► **GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY** is beginning a program of scholarships for graduates of Jesuit high schools. This September, 10 scholarships will be offered; by 1959 all 41 U. S. Jesuit high schools will be included in the program.

► **THE METAPHYSICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA** will have its annual meeting March 23 and 24 in New York on the campus of Fordham University. The opening session will be a discussion of "The Relation of Metaphysics to Theology" by Raphael Demos and Paul Tillich of Harvard University and George Klubertanz, S.J., of St. Louis University. E. K. C.

Editorials

Integration Advances

High drama and sensational headlines have been daily newspaper fare from Alabama in recent weeks. Student riots, a round-faced Negro girl and embattled university authorities have made the University of Alabama a dream assignment for reporters and photographers. But our newspapers, with a few exceptions, focused on violence and inflammatory speeches by racist politicians. They missed the interracial story of the year.

The real story in the South is the willingness of so many Southern leaders to accept the law of the land and to work for a prudent solution. A history-making tide has begun to flow as integration of school facilities is adopted without fanfare in county after county.

Here are a few scattered reports that portend a new era in the South:

► **VIRGINIA:** Integration will be permitted in certain elementary schools in Alexandria next fall. Some junior and senior high schools will begin integration in 1957 and 1958 respectively.

► **KENTUCKY:** Until recently a state law forbade integrated classes in any schools, public or private. At present the Kentucky State Board of Education reports that by September of this year nearly every school district will have adopted a desegregation plan.

► **TENNESSEE:** Tennessee has adopted a gradual desegregation plan for its state colleges. Federal Judge Robert L. Taylor has ordered Anderson County to accept Negro students in its schools not later than next fall. At present the County has no high school facilities for Negroes.

► **TEXAS:** The University of Texas has announced that segregation will be abolished in its classes next fall. Texas Western College began integration of students this year.

► **WEST VIRGINIA:** Integration began in Greenbrier and Raleigh Counties at the start of the second semester

this year. Summers and Mercer Counties will integrate their schools next fall.

► **MARYLAND:** Baltimore schools are in their second year of desegregation. Eight other Maryland counties have adopted desegregation policies.

► **LOUISIANA:** The 75,000 students in New Orleans parochial schools are going to be integrated "as surely as night follows day," according to Rt. Rev. Msgr. Henry C. Bezou, diocesan school superintendent.

► **NORTH CAROLINA:** The University of North Carolina has had Negro students in its graduate schools since 1951 and in its undergraduate classes since last September. The unheralded presence of 22 Negro students during these five years has scotched discrimination in the cafeteria and at student dances.

LET'S HAVE THE WHOLE STORY

It is obvious that as integration is adopted in one locality after another, the islands of white supremacy will become smaller and smaller. The segregationists are fighting a rear-guard battle. They admit it. They speak of using every legal device to impede desegregation. Public opinion and constant pressure by the courts may make this final battle shorter than anticipated. Certainly the widespread cooperation and moderation during this first year after the Supreme Court ruling is a sign that the demagogues have not been speaking for the whole South.

A flash of violence in Alabama is clearly not typical Southern reaction. Men of sanity are working quietly and effectively toward the prudentially possible. Their work is delicate and complex, but already reasonably successful. This whole story told by our news media with perspective would give Americans and the rest of the world a more accurate view of a most remarkable adjustment in American culture.

Socialist Rebuff to the Kremlin

Though there never was much fear that the Socialists would swallow the sucker bait dangled last month by the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist party, it was nevertheless reassuring to see them come together, as they did in Zurich over the March 2-4 weekend, and formally reject the Russian bid for a united front.

Among the revisions of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism announced at the Moscow congress, none was potential-

ly more dangerous to the West than the proposal for working-class unity. Over most of Western Europe Socialist parties are today either part of a ruling coalition, as in Belgium and France, or constitute the chief opposition, as in West Germany and Great Britain. Should they ever decide to make common cause with the Communists, to reestablish the Popular Fronts of the 1930's, the days of the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance would clearly be numbered.

WELL-BAITED HOOK

To old-line Socialists of the Marxist persuasion, Moscow's call to close ranks was not without appeal. It involved a humiliating admission that on several key points of Marxist doctrine the Communists have been the deviationists, and that the Socialists, and spunky nationalists like Tito, have never departed from the true faith. Before asking for "the restoration of business-like contacts between the Communist and Socialist parties," the proud men in the Kremlin were even obliged to concede that on the historic issue which split the Second International in 1919—and led the same year to the formation by the Bolsheviks of the Third International—the Socialists had been right and the Communists wrong. (The First International was founded by Karl Marx in 1864 and foundered in disputes over the Paris Commune of 1871.) Khrushchev, Bulganin and other Soviet leaders had to admit that there are other roads to socialism than bloody revolution.

If after this public eating of "crow" the 46 delegates from 19 countries who met at Zurich did not grasp the extended Soviet hand, the reasons are not hard to understand. In the first place, the hard-bitten leaders of European socialism have had much experience of Soviet treachery and double-dealing. If some of them might have been tempted to forget the sordid past, there were present refugee delegates from Poland, Hungary and other Iron Curtain countries to remind them of their many colleagues done to death these past fifteen years by the Communists.

In the second place, declarations of the Soviet party congress were singularly lacking in any profession of faith in bona fide democracy. As the delegates at Zurich noted:

The changes of Communist tactics which emerged at the recent party congress . . . are not adequate proof of a genuine change in the principles and policies of the Communist dictatorship.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, many of the members of the Socialist International—probably a majority—are not Marxists at all. Some of them, like the larger part of the British Labor party, never have been Marxists. Others, especially among the Scandinavian Socialists, have long since come to regard Karl Marx as outmoded. For these men the basis of a fraternal appeal from Communists simply does not exist.

KREMLIN PERSISTENCE

The free world may, then, take legitimate satisfaction from the Socialist rebuff to Moscow. It cannot afford, however, the luxury of complacency. As is obvious from recent developments in France, so long as the center parties, as opposed to extremes of Right and Left, cannot blur their differences and work together for the general welfare, the Kremlin will continue to fish in troubled waters. However unlikely it may seem at the moment, the example of Italy's Left-wing Socialists—the only Socialist group in Western Europe that has so far formed a united front with the Communists—might some day become contagious.

The Passing of Glubb Pasha

There is a perfectly logical explanation for the dismissal on March 3 by King Hussein of Lt. Gen. John Bagot Glubb, commander for almost 20 years of Jordan's famed Arab Legion. That a British officer should have so long remained in command of an Arab military force in this age of narrow Asian nationalism was something of an anachronism. Rightly or wrongly it had often been said that the Arab Legion ruled Jordan and Glubb Pasha the Arab Legion. The implication was obvious, particularly to 20-year-old Hussein, so hard pressed these past months to keep the anti-Western extremists in his tiny kingdom under control.

END OF AN ERA

Had the abrupt ousting of Glubb Pasha come at any other time, it probably would have met with less consternation on the part of the Western powers. But with the Middle East already in turmoil, the removal of this last vestige of direct British influence introduced a new element of uncertainty into that tense area. The dismissal of General Glubb came on the heels of an abortive attempt by Great Britain two months ago to pressure Jordan into joining the Baghdad Pact. The timing of General Glubb's ousting was no mere coinci-

dence. The incident indicates the need of a complete overhaul of the Western approach to the Middle East.

When Britain is spurned by one of her oldest friends among the Arab nations, it can only mean that an era has ended in the Middle East. Commenting on the Glubb dismissal, the London *Observer* remarked on March 4:

It is becoming more and more obvious that a policy based on military containment, buttressed by what remnants of the British military presence can be desperately preserved, is not good enough. Indeed, such a policy, if persisted in, will tend to defeat its very object of promoting stability and preventing the extension of Soviet influence.

What preoccupies the Arab states is not the possibility of Soviet penetration. The Arab world is more deeply concerned over traces of Western colonialism and a real or imagined threat posed by Israel. There is a passion for Arab unity. Failure on the part of the West to recognize these realities of the Middle Eastern situation is partially responsible for the current outburst of Arab extremism, of which the ousting of Glubb Pasha is only a symptom.

Have Arab-Western relations deteriorated so badly that we can no longer hope to contribute to peace and stability in the Middle East? The reservoir of good will toward the United States has not yet completely dried up. In a recent interview granted Arch Parsons, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, Prime Minister

Nasser of Egypt went beyond the bounds of customary protocol in his lavish praise of President Eisenhower. If this is any indication, the answer to the above question is still no, provided our efforts are accompanied by a deeper understanding of what makes the Arab world tick.

The "Indiscreet" Pineau of France

Close friends can be expected to talk frankly to each other when they think they are not being treated right. The end result is still firmer friendship and clearer comprehension of mutual points of view. It is in that light that we should look upon the criticisms leveled against both Great Britain and the United States by France's foreign minister, Christian Pineau. There is no need for us to doubt the later assurances that France remains a firm ally in Nato and that its grumblings are not the forerunner of any back-tracking on military commitments. But the criticisms may serve an excellent purpose in forcing timely consideration of some aspects of present international relations.

Pineau, whose allegiance to the Nato Pact is not questioned, made his remonstrances ostensibly off-the-cuff in Paris, March 2, before the Anglo-American Press Club. They could have been ignored abroad as one of those slips that occur when people talk extemporaneously. But one immediate effect was an invitation from Sir Anthony Eden to Premier Guy Mollet of France to consult with the British Prime Minister in London. Washington, too, showed that Pineau's plaint had hit home. The Socialist foreign minister criticized the tactics of the United States and Britain in the cold war. He said it was a mistake to place emphasis upon

military matters with the Middle and Far Eastern countries. The Baghdad Pact was, in his judgment, an error. He criticized U. S. support of Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam. He lamented lack of sympathetic support for France's effort to solve its grave problems in French North Africa.

Most of Pineau's complaints touched French interests directly. But they had a wider resonance. They reflected a widening sentiment, in France and elsewhere in Europe, as well as in the East, towards neutralism. Pineau seems to feel that this trend can be met with measures of a predominantly economic and political nature, and less with military pacts. His language also indicates that France thinks it is being excluded from important decisions by a too-close liaison between London and Washington. The French were always worried when Churchill went to Washington. Prime Minister Eden's visit to President Eisenhower brought new suspicions to the Quai d'Orsay.

All in all, the Pineau "indiscretion," if such it really was, will serve a healthy purpose. It has jolted us into a realization of a friend's plight. Most of all, it has contributed a new dimension to our thinking on ways to meet the new challenge of a Soviet policy now become dangerously flexible.

Priests Confess to Laymen

Thousands of our readers never put aside their copy of *AMERICA* without reading Father McCorry's column, *The Word*. Now one can't read Father McCorry week after week and fail to realize in what high regard he holds the "average," "ordinary" man and woman of the Catholic laity.

In this the distinguished author of *The Word* is by no means singular. The Editors of this Review agree with him. They would like to be counted, too, in the vast number of bishops and priests who, though they may rarely mention it in public, are constantly edified and inspired by the way the Catholic layman goes about the workmanlike practice of his faith.

Lent is a time of year for prayer and penance. Catholic priests notice the serious way that average laymen pray during Lent—and the rest of the year, too. We notice the many lay people who crowd the communion rails. We don't miss the fact that so many attend Mass each morning on the way to work. The quiet, unassum-

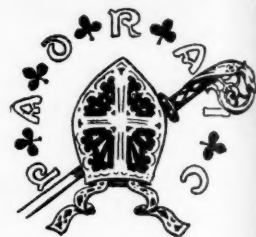
ing manner in which so many lay folk deny themselves the pleasures they might have, slip silently into the rear pew for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament or recite the rosary with their families doesn't escape us either.

A priest is a busy man. Often he doesn't find an occasion to tell the laity how inspiring they are. But he notices things. He can tell genuine devotion, solid virtue and real heroism when he sees them.

The layman ought to recognize that he is doing a fine job. His example, his prayer, his fidelity and penance are not only powerful to affect the lives and attitudes of those outside the Church. They are also the source of renewed courage, edification and daily inspiration to priests. A priest shoulders the grave responsibilities of his office with greater joy and stronger purpose when he is uplifted by strong faith and generous devotion in his people. The average American priest is grateful to God for the average American layman. Now and then we priests like to say so.

On Being Irish in America

Charles Keenan



ONE DAY in the late spring or early summer of 1925 I went out for a walk from the Jesuit novitiate in Los Gatos, California. At that time I had been about three months in the United States. It probably was a public holiday of some kind, for as I passed by, the Stars and Stripes were flying from the top of the flagstaff before the house. Looking up at the flag fluttering in the breeze, I was suddenly struck by the realization that for the first time in my life I was living under a flag and a Government to which I could honorably give my allegiance. I was almost twenty-one.

Having been born in the North of Ireland, I was technically a British subject. Whatever allegiance I might be supposed to have had to the Crown of Great Britain I relinquished without regret (and without any hard feelings) in a naturalization court in New York. For a year or so in 1923-24 I had lived near Limerick under the Government and flag of the newly established Irish Free State. But the scars of the tragic, if brief, civil war of 1922-23 that followed the departure of the British were still too recent to allow of any feelings of allegiance taking root. And anyway, I had backed the losing side in the civil war.

Owing to various circumstances it was to be more than twenty years before I should achieve American citizenship. But on that spring day as I passed the flagstaff, I knew that here my spirit had found a home.

"SO YOU'RE IRISH"

Very soon after my arrival in this country, I began to receive the impression that Americans attached some special significance to being Irish. An Irish background seemed to be socially more desirable than a French or German one. However, I seemed to puzzle people at times because I did not fit the stereotype. I was not tall and burly. I did not speak in a rich Cork or Dublin brogue but with an accent more nearly resembling Scots. And I had the most unorthodox opinions about Anglo-Irish relations.

None of the young men who were my fellow novices (and not many of their elders) had much idea of

what had been going on in Ireland during the ten years or so preceding my arrival in the United States. They talked about the Ireland of their fathers or grandfathers, of the famine of the 1840's or the land struggles of the 1870's. I found myself credited with a hatred of the British, supposed to stem from these events, which in fact I did not have.

My Ireland was the Ireland of the Easter Rebellion of 1916; of the triumph of Sinn Féin; of the guerrilla warfare with the English; of the partition of Ireland in 1920; of the Truce and the Treaty in 1921; of the civil war. It puzzled people when I tried to explain that the Black and Tans had not operated in Belfast and that I had seen only two of them during all their time in Ireland. In fact, it was very difficult for my friends to understand the complicated situation in the North after the establishment of the Northern Government in 1921. What did they make, for instance, of the fact that at times the Belfast Catholics relied upon the British Regular Army for protection against the Special Police, who were not Englishmen but fellow Belfastmen?

My own experience had not been such as to convince me that Ireland was always right and England always wrong. I was not too interested in "old, unhappy far-off things and battles long ago." My grievances against the British were contemporary, particularized and capable of documentation. A great many Irish-Americans seemed to me to be nursing an old grudge that had been none of their making and whose real roots they did not well understand. But then, I imagine, it probably would have been easier to reconcile the first Hatfield and McCoy than to make peace between the third generations.

"ISN'T THAT THE ENGLISH PART?"

One jest that never seems to pall on Americans who have, or claim to have, Southern Irish ancestry is that people like me, being born in the North, must somehow be less Irish or less Catholic than the people of the South. I let the "less Catholic" part of that fall by its own weight—or, maybe, blow away for lack of weight.

The other supposition gets a certain plausibility from the term "Scotch-Irish"—a term, be it noted, in which the Scotch is supposed to take the curse off the Irish and not vice versa. It is used to describe the descendants of the Protestant Anglo-Scotch settlers

Fr. Keenan, S.J., AMERICA'S Managing Editor, calculates that on his next birthday, in July, he will have spent almost exactly half his life in this country. Here he offers a St. Patrick's Day pot pourri of reminiscences, observations and reflections on what it has meant to him to be Irish in America.

"planted" in Ulster by the English in the 16th and 17th centuries. Naturally there must have been intermarriage with the native Irish. Both my grandmothers (named Gray and White) were, I am told, converts to the Church; a fact that would seem to link the Keenan-Fitzpatrick side of me with the planters.

Now it is true that the modern Protestant and Presbyterian descendants of the planters are, by and large, very pro-British and show no disposition to unite with the rest of Ireland. But that is a far cry from saying that they are English or anything like it. No one who has ever known an Ulsterman and an Englishman could possibly mistake one for the other.

And if these Ulstermen are content to be ruled by the British Crown, it was not always so. Their forefathers in the 18th century were a thorn in the British side and Belfast was a hotbed of sedition. I have often passed through Sugarhouse Entry and Crown Entry in Belfast, where the United Irishmen planned the great rebellion of 1798. There were very few, if any, Catholics among the leadership of the United Irishmen.

That much apologia, I feel, is due from me to my native province of Ulster.

PAT AND MIKE

Side by side with the feeling I have mentioned above, about the significance attached to being Irish, there arose another impression: that people around me thought that there was something humorous about the mere fact of being Irish. It almost seemed to be expected that I should go about saying "Begorrah" and breaking into an occasional jig or reel. In this spirit, St. Patrick's Day in the seminary was marked by a certain amount of decorous shindigs. There was a ball game: Irish vs. the World. The Irish had the advantage of numbers to choose from. On the other hand, they were stuck with me; and while I learned how baseball is played, I never quite learned to play baseball.

A recent letter to AMERICA complained about the general foofaraw with which Americans greet St. Patrick's Day. Newspapers blossom forth in green ink with harps and shamrocks. Mayors in top hats take the salute of marching Hibernians. Governors wax eloquent on The Day We Celebrate. Senators and Representatives enliven the back pages of the *Congressional Record* with lyrical effusions. All this the writer of the letter to AMERICA found undignified, and calculated rather to slight than to honor the Irish.

My own reaction was first, that if the American people decide to celebrate a given day—be it St. Patrick's Day or the Fourth of July—the total effect will be more than somewhat overwhelming. Second, the mere existence of the nation-wide interest in St. Patrick's Day and the Irish is in itself a fact of considerable significance, not unflattering to the Irish.

If one looks for the means by which the Irish impressed themselves so deeply on the consciousness of America, their role in the building of the Catholic Church in America and their role in political life come easily to mind.

For the Church in the youthful United States the waves of immigration from Ireland brought hundreds of thousands of English-speaking Catholics. Hard-pressed American pastors were able to take them right into their parishes without any of the difficulties of a language barrier. Moreover the Irish, both of Ireland and America, have proved a good source of vocations to the priesthood. (The Apostolic School at Mungret, near Limerick, Ireland, still supplies priests for dioceses in the South and West. A good many of my own school fellows of Mungret are working in such dioceses. One is a bishop in California; another is a monsignor in Nevada.) The language factor may also help to explain the predominance of Irish names in the ranks of the American hierarchy.

PEOPLE, PRIESTS AND PRELATES

The contribution of Irish and Irish-Americans to the building of the Church in this country is solid and remarkable. One has but to go down the roster of the great American churchmen to be conscious of that: the pioneer, Archbishop John Carroll of Baltimore; Cardinals McCloskey, Gibbons, Farley, Hayes; Archbishops Hughes of New York, England of Charleston, S. C., Ireland of St. Paul. In our own days we have seen the impact upon Catholic social thinking of the life-long labors of the late Msgr. John A. Ryan.

It is one of the sad things about the Irish in America that men like Monsignor Ryan came along so late. Perhaps it was inevitable. Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum* was published only in 1891. For years before that, the Irish had been pouring into America and taking on the contours, the prides and the prejudices, of American life. They came from a country where they had little experience of even elementary social justice and plunged into the burgeoning America of the Civil War and post-bellum era. It was hardly the best way to learn social justice.

IRISH AND NEGRO

To me it is one of the great failures of the Irish in America that they did not extend to the newly liberated Negro a hand of friendship and help. Who better than the Irish could sympathize with a people released from generations of slavery and oppression? But perhaps it is too much to expect that a new group, on a low educational and economic level, should react against the prevailing mores of the society around them.

Some great figures stood up, like Archbishop Ireland and the layman John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the *Boston Pilot*, to vindicate the human rights of the Negro. But they were isolated voices. In our own time, the picture is much brighter. Irish names abound in the thirty-odd Catholic Interracial Councils scattered over the United States from New York to New Orleans. In recent years the John Boyle O'Reilly Committee for Interracial Justice, composed of Irish-Americans, has been spreading O'Reilly's ideas—the Christian ideas—on race relations.

As the Irish rose quickly in the American Church, so did they thrive in American politics. If the English-

speaking parishioner was a boon to the pastor, he was not less a boon to the vote-hungry political boss. And the Irish, who had learned the hard way what political wisdom they had, fitted well into the robust atmosphere of 19th-century America.

! BOSSES AREN'T THE WHOLE STORY

The typical successful politician of the heyday of Irish influence in politics is popularly thought of as a Croker or a Hague, or a Frank Skeffington of *The Last Hurrah*. It is probably true that the Irish temperament, with its bonhomie and its propensity for warm personal relations, is more effective in the personal issues and smaller groups on the city or State level than in the larger and chillier atmosphere of national politics.

What the final balance sheet of good and evil in the Irish record in American political life should be, let wiser heads than mine decide. As I see it, the Tammany Halls and similar political groups were dispensing a sort of frontier social justice; not necessarily because the bosses were consumed with zeal for the "general welfare," but it was one way of assuring a loyal following at the polls. So Tammany dispensed its own brand of social security, unemployment benefits, old-age and survivors' insurance. These were all good things to do, no doubt, but done at an exorbitant cost to the community at large. When FDR and the New Deal came, they did the job better and more cheaply. That was the handwriting on the wall for Tammany, as Frank Skeffington clearly saw.

It would not be fair to leave the impression that all Irish politicians were crooked bosses or venal ward-healers. These were the ones who got into the headlines and the courts, and sometimes into jail. But the Irish contributed their quota of hard-working, intelligent public servants: men like Senators Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, David I. Walsh of Massachusetts and Gov. Alfred E. Smith. It is on these, rather than on the bosses, that the Irish achievement in American political life and the credit of the Irish name rest.

A STUDY IN FAILURE

In one political enterprise, Irish-Americans seem to have been singularly unsuccessful: their agitation for the ending of the partition of Ireland. Every Irish Government since 1922 has had as one of its chief aims the recovery of the six counties partitioned off by the British in 1920 and called Northern Ireland. (Ironically, the partition left in Southern Ireland the most northerly point in the country, Malin Head in Donegal.) Irish-Americans have as a group supported this



ambition of the Irish Governments. The American League for an Undivided Ireland has appeared before congressional

committees whenever pending legislation affected Anglo-Irish relations, to urge that American influence be brought to bear for the ending of partition. The injustice of partition has been exposed in many an address before Irish gatherings. Public officials and politicians have expressed sympathy with the anti-partition cause. Yet one has sometimes the uneasy feeling that all this sound and fury comes perilously close to signifying nothing. Certainly it has elicited no significant act from the U. S. Government.

What many of the Irish in America do not seem to realize is that this agitation runs smack into the Anglo-American friendship that is a key factor in U. S. foreign policy. That friendship does not exclude hard bargaining and occasionally hard words. It does exclude a definite breach on a major matter. And Great Britain holds the partition of Ireland to be a major matter—and an internal matter as well.

If Irish partition seems a major matter to the British, it seems a minor matter to the great American political parties. Irish-American political allegiances are decided on much the same grounds as those of Swedish-Americans and German-Americans. The politically significant question about the Irishman working on the railroad is whether he is helping to lay the tracks or helping to run the road's head office. The politician probably realizes that when the votes are all in, he will have gained or lost very few on the issue of Irish partition.

HERE TO STAY

Perhaps the lesson to be learned from this is the complete assimilation of the Irish into American life. They came here in their hundreds of thousands, bringing with them their Catholic faith, their songs and music and warm-hearted laughter—and little else. This was indeed the land of opportunity, where the intelligence and energy long frustrated by British misrule in Ireland could be put to work. They helped to thrust the railroads across the prairies and through the passes of the Rockies. They built the dams and rolled the steel that went into the making of modern America. Their children reached out for the education that had been denied to their fathers in Ireland. They then moved up to the business world, the legislatures and the courts. They went into the seminaries to play their part in the building of the Church in America. Generation after generation the Irish have built themselves into America; they are flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone.

* * * * *

On a steaming hot July day in 1946 I sat with some two hundred people gathered from the ends of the earth into a New York courtroom to hear a discourse by a judge. Of that discourse I remember only two words: "Fellow Americans." For the rest of the time that the judge spoke, I wandered in a reverie through the rich heritage of which those two words had made me free. And let me here say, in all sincerity, that since Providence has cast my lot in this land, I shall never regret not being Irish in Ireland so long as I can be Irish in America.

Happy Little Peale-agians

James M. Carmody



AS A YOUNG MAN in the seminary I discovered a fashion among some of the students of crying "Jansenism" whenever a somber view was expressed on the subjects of drinking, smoking, dating, sports, movies or other popular American pastimes. It was pointed out to me that our Irish forbears had been infected with the fall-out from Ypres and Port Royal. We were suffering from damaged genes, I was told. The unfortunate Irish clergy, during the 17th and 18th centuries, were forced by persecution to study abroad at Louvain and other contaminated spots. There they had absorbed some of the hot particles emanating from the teachings of Cornelius Jansen (1585-1638) and had come back to spoil the smiling Irish countryside. We had to fight against these base impulses to asceticism, sad heritage of our fall. The serpent, banished by Saint Patrick, had sneaked back into the Emerald Eden under the soutane of the soggarth.

Crying "Jansenism" to a young Jesuit is like crying "McCarthyism" to a Pentagon colonel. Rather than be suspected of sympathizing with the traditional family foe, I set myself to developing my shoulders with barbells, whistling Hit Parade tunes and tilting my fedora like Bing's in *Going My Way*.

PELAGIUS, ORANGE AND TRENT

A few years later, in theology, we got to the study of Original Sin. I discovered that the healthy attitude which supposedly had been ours before the Jansenist blight really originated with a cheerful Celt by the name of Pelagius, who flourished in the early years of the fifth century (is Pelagius the Latin spelling for Peale?). Pelagius had the idea of applying to the whole world the happy little idea that "just a little bit of heaven fell from out the skies one day." Unfortunately the Church did not go along with his Gaelic optimism and even went so far as to teach, in the Council of Orange (A. D. 529), that "man has nothing of himself but mendacity and sin." Reading this phrase kind of thawed my fear of Jansenism. And when I read the Council of Trent's reaffirmation in 1546 of the traditional doctrine that "by Adam's sin man was changed

for the worse in body and soul" and that "even holy men fall into daily sins," I began to wonder if I should have forsaken St. Aloysius with his hair-shirt for the Rover Boys with their healthy coats of tan.

But that early fear of Jansenism was mighty strong and I never did get up the nerve to express my opinion on certain things in American Catholicism. Not, that is, until I read Katharine M. Byrne's "Happy Little Wives and Mothers" in *AMERICA* for January 28. Hurray for Mrs. Byrne! I, too, am sick of the saccharine which saturates our happy little columnists in the Catholic press. And I bet many others feel the same way. Several years ago a Catholic mother asked me cautiously what I thought of a certain "happy little wife and mother" column in our diocesan newspaper. I replied with some trepidation that I had never been able to read the thing through. What a smile I received! And what a pleasure to find that we were in agreement. She had been afraid she didn't have the real spirit. And, of course, I remembered Maynooth.

AMERICAN PELAGIANISM?

Mrs. Byrne's article puts the finger on a certain unrealistic optimism, Pollyanna attitude, call it what you will, which tinges American Catholicism. Ultimately, I think, it is the old heresy of Pelagius. The Innsbruck theologian, Fr. Karl Rahner, S.J., has remarked that since the definition of papal infallibility any heresy within the Church can only be a hidden one. No one can deny the existence of hell, for instance, and still remain a professed Catholic. But if we stop preaching about hell, he points out, we can be favoring heresy just as effectively as if we nailed our theses to the door of St. Peter's in Rome.

Is there among us a tendency to stop preaching about Original Sin? This is not an original question. It has been asked before, mostly by Europeans. Maybe that's why we have shrugged it off. It is easy to explain these misgivings as mere British superiority or French Jansenism. But the question merits serious consideration. Are we American Catholics sufficiently conscious of the more somber aspects of human existence? Are we conscious of our own sinfulness? Or do we tend to live in an unreal world in which, at least within the Church, everything is just fine and dandy?

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The fatuousness which Mrs. Byrne has exposed so beautifully in "Happy Little Wives and Mothers" is not an isolated phenomenon. The Catholic press (sitting duck for fault-finders!) tends to print everything Catholic in old rose or baby blue. The clerical world is a cloud-cuckoo-land which makes the "happy little wives and mothers" column read like Steinbeck by comparison. I have in mind, for instance, a cartoon called "Parish Confidential" or something like that, in which benign old pastors, dashing young curates and smirking sisters display a daring inch or two of their little foibles before the adoring eyes of the layfolk.

In the realm of religious art isn't there a similar Pelagianism? Surely it is an overstressing of the merely human when the most popular pictures of Our Lord are a kind of Van-Johnson-with-beard type. Or when the Blessed Mother is made to look like a Powers model. There is a new statue at a famous American shrine which must have been designed as a mannequin for a bridal-shop window. And when artists try to express in their work something of the mystery of holiness or the struggle with evil, there are indignant cries that "it doesn't look natural."

To get back to the Catholic press: all this heavenly sunshine would be endurable if it were balanced by an occasional honest picture of the sin that dwells in us, or even by an admission of mistakes. Theoretically, we restrict papal infallibility to solemn definitions on matters of faith and morals. Practically, we surround with an infallible aura not only the Pope, but bishops, priests and lay experts in every field, including sports. There was a classical example of this several years ago. Pius XII praised the efforts of the United World Federalists to find some form of limited world government. A certain Catholic periodical has long been cool to world government and cold toward the UWF. Instead of stating politely that it thought the Pope had been mistaken in praising UWF, it tried to double-talk itself out of the obvious meaning of the Pope's words.

This intellectual pussy-footing and compulsion to close ranks on every issue is, I think, a bit of Pelagian-

ism. We tend to exaggerate the power of human reason. We have forgotten that even Catholic minds have been darkened by original sin. We think that we have, or should have, an answer to every problem that comes up. Principles become panaceas. Ignorance, mistakes or disagreement among ourselves cannot be admitted. That would scandalize both the faithful and outsiders. Doesn't all this come of forgetting that we see now only through a glass darkly?

In the sphere of human action there is the same tendency to ignore original sin. Only here it is harder to ignore. And so, to explain evil, five per cent of the human race is suspected of total depravity while the rest are supposed to be in a state of original innocence. All the evil in the world is caused by a very few bad people. The only trouble with the good people is their lack of activity. If the good people would only *act*, the world would be doing fine.

This comforting doctrine ignores the hard truth that the "good" people, too, are subject to pride, selfishness and lust.

Not that we should go to the opposite extreme and say, with Karl Barth, that Christians must all fall down on their knees and admit that they are nothing but sinners in whom there is no good. This is just as absurd as Pelagian self-confidence, but hardly needs emphasizing at the moment. There is little danger of Barthian breast-beating or orgies of self-criticism among American Catholics. What we need, rather, is meditation on truths such as the following, from a classic of Christian asceticism, *Spiritual Doctrine*, by Fr. Louis Lallemant, S.J. (1588-1635):

... it is necessary fully to comprehend the natural corruption of the human heart. There is in us a very depth of malice, which we do not perceive, because we never seriously examine our own interior. If we did, we would find therein a multitude of desires and irregular appetites for the honors, the pleasures and the comforts of the world unceasingly fermenting in our hearts.

If this be Jansenism—

St. Thomas Aquinas on Pelagianism

The Pelagian denial that sin is transmitted at birth dispenses with much of Christ's redemptive work, which in fact was meant to cure the infection of Original Sin. As *by the offense of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men with justification of life*. Pelagianism also dispenses with the need for infant baptism, which the Church's common custom holds to be Apostolic discipline. We, however, affirm without hedging that sin is inherited by all the descendants of the first parents of the human race. . . .

This deprivation is passed on just as human na-

ture is passed on, that is to say, through partial, not total causality, for what is procreated is the body, into which God infuses the soul. As the divinely infused soul enters into a human nature through the body to which it is wedded, so the soul contracts original sin, that is, through the body which is propagated from Adam, not merely materially as being fleshy stuff, but also by an active impulse, as of seed which sprouts.

St. Thomas Aquinas, *Quaestiones Disputatae*, De Malo, IV, 1. Cited from *Theological Texts* (ed. and transl. Thomas Gilby, New York, Oxford University Press, 1955), pp. 120-121.

"O My God..."

Felicia Messuri



WHEN TONY AND I exchanged rings on December 11, in the shrine of our Lady, we specified the wedding date to the Mother of Love. "June 11" we said. It seemed bearable to accept our inevitable separation in those terms. Of course we were thinking of six months to the day. But in formulating that prayer, all wrapped up in a tearful orchid, we simply said "June 11."

Then on some strange vessel of war and under a Navy cap, my beloved was off to the Mediterranean. Six months went by and Naples was being bombed. Another year passed. There had been nothing hopeful in the letters. Tito was very upsetting. On June 5 the 'phone rang. On June 6 I had traveled the 500 miles to Washington, D. C., and found in that dreary station my fiancé.

WE KEEP A DATE

With some sense of guilt and no words exchanged, we determined to be married on Saturday, June 9. We remembered the pledge of June 11, but pouted over the heavenly misinterpretation of the year. What we failed to realize was that District of Columbia law required five days' wait after the marriage license. Obstinacy being characteristic of youth, we pressed the issue. We tapped every connection possible, from chief Navy chaplain to the U. S. Attorney, for a dispensation from the law. Nothing worked. We were married on the June 11, the first possible date by legal requirements, a beautiful Monday morning. What a divine sense of humor Our Lady has.

Now we are careful about being specific with our prayers. Obviously it's a child's game we play, but we play it with a Father who understands His children. We do attach the Gethsemane phrase, "Not my will but Thine," trying very hard to know and to will the full import of that prayer in the garden. Often it's just recited as children recite their first Hail Mary's, giving glory to God none the less.

Because we are children, we can't help strongly feeling that the hand of Providence arranged the date

Mrs. Messuri has contributed in the past to AMERICA'S Feature X column. She returns with these observations on domestic life.

of our wedding as a heavenly jest. The part of us that has escaped childhood argues that God is not personally concerned with such trivial things. But who can say?

WHAT SHALL WE ASK FOR?

Good has been born of the childlike perspective in that we try to plumb the full import of the requests we make. We pray for my husband's success and add a litany of "ifs": if the success would increase our faith; if the success would preserve family unity; if the success would in no way lessen our love and joy; if the success would move us toward sanctity.

We've tried to be careful, too, about placing first things first. In the final analysis, death is the primary consideration. For a Christian, it is the zenith of his contemplation. We begin to die as soon as we begin to live. So it is not enough to look upon our children with love and pray for dedicated professions in the humanities or even for religious vocations. The prayer is a simple one. We must pray for happy deaths. The interim is quite secondary. It is conceivable that a child could serve humanity well as a fine surgeon, but lose his God some place in the corridors of the hospital. It is also conceivable that another lad might be consecrated to the priesthood because of a human love for his parent's wishes and yet fail in his apostleship for Christ. But the prayer for a happy death covers all things, and such a prayer is most profoundly specific.

HEAVENLY HELPERS

We discover that the children thrive on making their prayers specific in nature. The two school-children, for example, choose a different patron each year to assist them with their studies. That beloved saint becomes wholly responsible for two semesters in the classroom. And how precious are the traditions of the Church in defining realms of activity for certain close friends of God. How wonderful it is, without a moment's hesitation, to fly to the intercession of St. Anthony when something is lost, to St. Jude when something is impossible, to St. Genesius when there's a school play that needs doing. We put Blessed Martin de Porres in charge of all health problems, and St. Joseph, of course, is responsible for financial solutions.

Nor are the Guardian Angels forgotten. When there's thunder and lightning and the room is dark and still, it's so sweet to remind a frightened child that besides her sister in the room, there are two fine angels. And it's comforting for the mother to address the angel of her eight-year-old son who's off to the lakes with his fishingpole: "Spare him the brink and don't let the hook go through his finger. And let him catch at least one sunny." That's really being specific.

I'm a little sorry for the angel of the four-year-old. I nag him, because sometimes it seems impossible that even a celestial being could keep pace with Mike. Fortunately that little fellow was named consciously after the great archangel, so I guess that makes him royalty and entitles him to special care. But I often imagine Mike's angel leaning heavily on his sword at bedtime and smiling upon the head with its scar on the crown, glad for the end of the day. I chided that angel a little when that particular head bounced off a radiator.

READING TO MIKE

Our practice of defining the exact purpose of prayers and good works created an interesting situation at Christmas time. We have a bulletin board on which to post art work, vacation cards, weekly chores and gold-star papers. During Advent it features an envelope with sacrifice slips, special prayers, "doing without" or "doing for." We had talked about Christ's love for all children in the world and decided that on the occasion of His birthday party we should supply gifts for all His little friends. So the slips read: "Make your bed all week for the children in China." "Say a full rosary for the children behind the Iron Curtain." "Abstain from candy for the children of India."

There's an only child from a Protestant family who is very much a part of our household. A few years back

she used to fumble the Sign of the Cross when our children said grace before lunchtime. She's older now and simply bows her head when she's a guest at our table. But last Advent, Mary, our six-year-old, persuaded her friend Corky to take a slip. Corky was eager to play the prayerful game, so I prayed to the Holy Ghost that she would draw something feasible—not the rosary, for example. Her slip said: "Read books to Mike for half an hour during this week for the children of South America." Corky drew her brows together and left for home.

About an hour later she returned. "My mother wants to know how I can help the children in South America by reading to Mike." That was Corky's challenge. Happily, Corky has been taught that there is some value in prayer. She agreed that Mike loves to be read to and that it would be an act of kindness. She also agreed that one could pray for a person far off. So it was quite simple to explain that the act of kindness was doing a prayer instead of saying a prayer, and that it could be applied with a simple intention. The house was quiet for half an hour except for the sound of a young voice reading.

I'm sure it is more meritorious and a leap closer to sanctity and perfection to generalize our prayers of petition, beseeching God's blessing and then applying ourselves to a contemplation of His goodness and His mercy. But we babes on the footpath to Heaven like to chatter, and I cannot believe that the chatter displeases our divine Lord. He rebuked the Apostles who tried to spare Him noisy youngsters at His knee one warm and weary day.

When a little one says, "Mother" or "Father," pre-facing his gibberish or some trivial problem with these honored titles, we listen with love and understanding. When we, the children of light, say, "O my God," Heaven in all tenderness hears the prayer.

Skid Row

Out of the depths have I cried, O Lord,
Where the lean heart preys on the hardened crust,
Where short wicks falter on candle-hopes
And winter whips at a patchwork trust.

From darkened doorways no welcome shines,
No promise waits up the broken stair;
And the coin that summons the night with wine
Buys a morning of sick despair.

Out of the depths have I cried in vain
And the still streets echo my lonely calls:
All the long night through in the moaning wind
The bruised reed breaks and the sparrow falls.

SISTER MARY GILBERT

Winter Lullaby

Around your planet-tilted head
fly the nameless galaxies.
Curl in your father-fashioned bed
while homespun warms your sturdy knees.
Hush, child. Listen to the trees

leafless rub their boughs together.
The Northern Cross, the lovely Swan,
flies the dark on glittering feather.
While midwinter night blows on,
close your eyes. The beryl dawn

will light the black hills when you wake
with the bright burning of Altair.
Sleep now, while your watchers make
an humble prayer because you are
small-fisted on your earthy star.

FRANCES FROST



Letter from Dublin

The little review has a fight for existence almost everywhere, but in a country where the reading public is as small as in this green island it's a wonder that every specimen of it is not long ago extinct. *The Bell* that rang so loudly in the editorial hands of Seán O Faoláin and then was passed on to Peadar O'Donnell is now heard no more. Peadar O'Donnell says it's silent because he couldn't find a younger man interested enough to keep it going. If that's so, it isn't a good sign for Ireland.

The Leader, founded by D. P. Moran in pristine Sinn Féin days, still survives, even after the attrition of a libel suit with the poet, Patrick Kavanagh. So does *Studies*, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* and a few other learned and some lesser periodicals. But *Rann*, the little Belfast poetry magazine, I have not seen in ages; and the critical-creative magazines here in our days has only two legitimate representatives, *Irish Writing* and *The Dublin Magazine*.

Their editors would make interesting contrasting types in a Jungian work on Ireland.

Seán J. White is a young, brisk, dark-haired man, dividing his time at the moment between Oxford and Dublin, attached, too, to the staff of University College, Dublin. He has lectured in the English literature faculty in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. He bought *Irish Writing* from the founder-editor David Marcus of Cork when David with his first novel in his traveling bag—a study of the Jewish community in Ireland called *To Next Year in Jerusalem*—set off, not for Jerusalem, but for the great Babylon at the mouth of the Thames.

Irish Writing could have perished at that critical moment as so many things here have perished because of the emigration of young people. But Seán White was quick enough to save it. He had the help of men of his own age: Thomas Kinsella, a poet; John Jordan, a brilliant young actor and critic just back from Oxford to lecture in U. C. D.; Liam Miller, who handprints books in his Dolmen Press. He had the help, too, of slightly older men like Valentine Iremonger, the poet, or Seamus O'Neill the Gaelic scholar. *Irish Writing* still flourishes and just about pays its way.

Number 33, which has just appeared, is an interesting little anthology of translations from the poets and

Benedict Kiely, author of almost a dozen novels, is on the staff of the *Dublin Standard*.

short-story writers in modern Irish. It is restricted by the space limits of the magazine's 68 pages and by the small amount of really valuable writing being done in modern Irish, but it does serve to reveal to people who do not read Irish that good modern poets and storytellers use the language as a medium. This fact may come as a surprise, but it is true.

The writer in Irish was, of course, always a devoted person in a sense that had nothing to do with artistic values. He wrote, in earlier days, in Irish because it was the more patriotic thing to do; and the hope of financial reward hardly entered his mind. Fame, very localized, perhaps did. To-day the case is altered. An Irish book club (*An Club Leabhar*) can guarantee a sale of about 2,500 copies for a book in Irish; and there are few publishers in London or New York who would not feel happy with such a guaranteed sale for the average book. Many of the Club Leabhar choices are average books.

Seamus O'Sullivan is, by now, our senior poet: stately, bewhiskered, renowned for a well-balanced walking stick and an acerb wit. The January-March, 1956 issue of his *Dublin Magazine* is Vol. XXI, No. 1. Anyone who bought and kept the magazine over the years will now possess a most valuable treasury of Irish literature.

The most notable contribution to this latest issue is a selection made by A. J. Leventhal from the unpublished memoirs of the late T. B. Rudmose-Brown, once professor of Romance Languages in Trinity College, Dublin. Rudmose-Brown was an independent, eccentric man and his character comes out well in these odd memoirs, which should definitely see publication in book form.

There is a blunt likable humility about this opening: "I have, I am fully aware, failed to make good, as man, as scholar, as thinker, as artist. I wish to seek the explanation. I am a man of inconsistent prejudices."

And to conclude and make an end here's a delightful Parisian anecdote, one among scores:

Either now (1904-5) or at a later visit, we met Picasso in a café on the Boul' Mich. He would not take off his overcoat—he had nothing under it. He wanted to paint my wife. As late as 1935 she reproached me still for my refusal to allow her to sit for him. But how was I to know the fame he would attain.

BENEDICT KIELY

Hopalong to Heaven

John Hazard Wildman



There is a shameful confession which, in recent years, I have experienced a growing compulsion to set forth in print. The confession can be put quite simply: I read Western novels and I watch Westerns on the TV. How many times, I cannot honestly say. For how many years has this gone on? All during early and middle age.

Why? There is the sting. Why, indeed?

An elderly uncle of mine was a dignified old gentleman with a Van Dyke beard, a peppery hatred of prohibition, and a knack for making everybody approach him with the assumption that he was to be both highly respected and well liked. He had an easy, successful formula for covering his visits in the good old days to the silent haunts of the Western movie hero William S. Hart, where the blanket of quietness was pierced only by the tinkly-tankering of the electric piano or the purring of the popcorn machine. He used to tell us how much he loved the magnificent scenery, the vast stretches of the desert, the badlands, the majestic mountains, and the sunset slanting athwart a cactus. *That* was why he went. He was quickly and easily successful in his explanation.

Obviously, I can not get away with this weakness of mine for Westerns. But I would like to know something: why do I like to top off an evening of Thomas Mann, or André Gide or Father James Brodrick or William Faulkner with *Triggers at Dawn* or *Guns down the Canyon*, especially the chase scenes? Why do I stay awake in order to gallop up in fine style to the inevitable happy ending? Why do I rush upstairs to Dostoevski during the quiz show but come back down a bit later to the television, drawn by the sound of hoofs and the wheels of the stage coach lumbering over the dusty plain?

This question is closed to psychologists: *they* always know the answer shortly after one has finished the auxiliary-half of the verb in the question. This cry for information craves a slowly-pondered answer. I have a suspicion that the answer will in the end be basically theological—at least, in that broad sense in which Cardinal Manning said that all problems are theological.

Although I am asking for an answer, I already have some suspicions as to what it will contain. I think it will say that Westerns are to the vast systems of con-

structive thought as a five-sentence outline is to the play of *Hamlet*. I believe it will say that these Westerns are not so inconsequential as we think, these chases in which the good win and the bad give over, these scenes in which dust is interesting and ramshackle buildings are not slums but the essence of a faraway, exciting, even romantic life. I believe it will say that these saloons are pools in which virtue finally, surprisingly and suddenly blooms with the quick, unsubtle movements of a Japanese water flower, and where much bad human nature can never get cured of its heart of gold.

I think it will have something to say about certain constant factors in human nature, this answer—about something implanted in us by God, urging us to find Him, causing us to crave with so deep an intellectual thirst that we ideally cannot find things at once too complicated and too simple for revealing His splendor and His tenderness. And this makes us seek St. Thomas and Cardinal Newman and the fine passage in Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* about Limbo and the Beatific Vision and all of the writings which each one of us has as his own personal, particular favorite. It leads us to that audacious, tender prayer in Holy Mass where we ask that through the sacred mysteries of the Eucharist we may be made a sharer of Christ's nature as Christ was first a partaker of ours. It leads us to the Nativity and to the Resurrection and to Pentecost.

"Childlike" is, I know, frequently a word of praise; "childish" is highly disparaging. And yet almost every human being is entitled to a few steam-releasing, childish moments. And when he becomes childish about the truth—not losing the truth, but seeing it in childish outline, its main insinuations gone, its principal reasons too far away to touch or see, its subtle problems non-existent—when he becomes that childish about the truth, he is either temporarily relaxing in a thoroughly praiseworthy fashion or else he has thrown in the sponge.

I firmly maintain that my love of Westerns belongs in the first category. For the sheer joy of God's splendid universe, I like to see it being true to itself in a simple-minded kind of way. There is an eternal happy ending, inevitable for all who really want it—and my! how that hero wants it! There is a heart of gold, that seeks baptism in order to be revealed from under the incrustation of original sin. And all of the dust and the ramshackle nature of everything built on this earth

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are very splendid and full of the flashing, silver-clear purpose of the God who made them.

Fortified by the Sacraments, one looks for this in the honest, revealing bewilderment of modern writing and in the great truths which are grasped in writings old and new. But there come those tired times when one claims the right to be more than a little childish. The right to be childish—but never, of course, that nonexistent will-o'-the-wisp, that obvious self-contradiction, the right to be wrong.

And so for a brief time, one is happily childish about the truth. The stage coach pauses to be held up on that

inevitably open plain, so convenient for camera shots, the cliff making an excellent background. There is much tying-up of virtue and nicking her in the arm. There is ingenious unwinding and bandaging of virtue; there is the great final chase; and there is always reconciliation, peace and the beginning of eternal happiness against a background of long plains or tall, eternal hills.

I wonder why it never occurred to my facile uncle (God rest his courteous soul) to think of allegory? Quite possibly he did, but never told the laity his love. One never knows, in the case of a sly old gentleman with a Van Dyke beard.

BOOKS

Smorgasbord of Short Stories

THE PRESENCE OF GRACE

By J. F. Powers. Doubleday. 191p. \$2.95

MEN IN THE FIELD

By Leo L. Ward, C.S.C. U. of Notre Dame. 248p. \$3.50

One of the mysteries of creative writing is the process by which an author can penetrate by his imagination situations, cultures, ways of life and so on which he has never actually experienced. This quality of heart and mind by which one can project himself into personality or situation is empathy—a word growing in favor in literary criticism these days. It connotes a certain identification of the writer with his subject-matter; it is a gift every good writer has, to some extent. It also poses a neat psychological problem for both critic and reader. Can the writer so far identify himself with his subject as to sink his own personality? Can he go so far as practically to participate in the good and evil actions of his characters? And so on—the ramifications are many and puzzling.

However that may all be, Mr. Powers has to an acute degree the gift of empathy. The constant marvel is that he is able to penetrate so deftly and sensitively into the lives of parish priests. Most of the stories in this second collection have this as their terrain and though they are not as finished and perceptive as the tales in *The Prince of Darkness and Other Stories*, they do have the hallmarks of the genuine Powers.

But Mr. Powers' empathy is not comprehensive; it falls short. He has a

knack for catching the sort of rough-and-tumble camaraderie that does exist among the clergy, but he has not yet caught the sense of the deep and Christ-like friendships among priests. Perhaps it is for this reason that so many of his stories of priest-relationships seem, for all their keen observation, somewhat on the shallow side. Perhaps, too, this is what gives many readers the impression that he is slyly irreverent. This is a charge that I do not feel has ever been justified, though I can understand why his light and slightly caustic tone can ruffle many feelings.

If few of Mr. Powers' priests are obviously saintly, every one of them is a good man. One may be more interested in getting a pastorate than in practising penance, another may be more plunged into construction than into contemplation, but each is a hard-working, devoted priest, despite gaueries, imperfections and minor frustrations. The two stores that illustrate this best are "Defection of a Favorite" and "The Presence of Grace." If you would read these first, you would get the best introduction to the best of Powers.

In his introduction to the collection of Fr. Ward's stories, John T. Frederick, of the English faculty of Notre Dame, plays a lovely tribute to the great priest who was for so many years head of the University's English Department and the hidden inspiration for a generation of writers and teachers.

Mr. Frederick insists that Fr. Ward is writing of a life he knew intimately and lovingly—the life of the midwestern

farmer a generation ago. This love and knowledge is undoubtedly the source of the wonderful empathy Fr. Ward shows on every page of these "unpretentious" stories. Humor and pathos, tragedy and triumph are in these tales, but through them all runs the slow speech of the farm-folk, the quiet rhythm of the seasons, the misery of the drought and the glory of the full crops, and the realization that there is indeed a God of the harvests. Read "Drought" or "Tomorrow Afternoon" and catch the deep love and compassion that Fr. Ward possessed and evoked.

This is the only collection of Fr. Ward's work to have appeared in book form. His colleagues at the University deserve sincere thanks for giving us this selection from the pen of a man who would undoubtedly have further enriched American letters had he not been called to his reward in 1953.

Mr. Powers may sound from time to time a little bit smart; Fr. Ward consistently sounds wise.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

ALL MANNER OF MEN

Edited by Riley Hughes. Kenedy. 335p. \$3.50

If, as Riley Hughes states in the introduction to this collection of short stories, American magazines are giving precedence to the article rather than to the short story, it is likewise true that among Catholic magazines the short story is becoming an increasingly popular form. Not only that, but we are developing many competent writers in this area and already have some "names" which can hold their own among the best of secular craftsmen: Charles Brady, Richard Sullivan, Harry Sylvester, and J. F. Power, to mention only a few.

But it is not the name writers that make up the bulk of this collection.



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Here are presented some short-story writers who are doing a competent job but who have remained in the obscurity of the small Catholic magazines; some are even taken from the limbo of undergraduate Catholic college publications. Every year our colleges turn out young and hopeful and talented writers, and every year the cry goes up from teachers, priests and editors: "Where are our young Catholic college writers?" One answer, now, might very well be that some of them at least are here.

Deliberately avoiding the name writers, although two or three are included, Mr. Hughes has searched out the Catholic magazines and undergraduate publications, and selected a group of stories that would be representative. In the selection of these twenty-five stories no set pattern or standard was followed, hence the collection is notable for its variety and originality.

While all of the stories are motivated by a common basic philosophy, no two are alike in technique or impact. For example, "Sharp As The Broken Cup," by Alma Kline Eckard, and "A Pinch of Salt," by Richard Sullivan, are grouped together with stories that point up a "particular focus or realization," but they differ widely in technique and depth of realization.

Some of these stories could only have sprung from a Catholic environment, like "The Mutiny of Sr. Gervaise," by John L. Bonn, S.J., or "Double Skull, Slow Burn, and a Ping," by Joe Coogan. But others, like "Stardust," by Joan Hewitt, or "Nightcrawlers," by Raymond C. Kennedy, or "The New York Girls," by Joseph Dever are outside the label.

Mr. Hughes says in his introduction that these stories should publicize the extent and variety of the Catholic market. He feels that his book will have served its purpose if it makes readers and writers more aware of the potentialities of "publication under Catholic auspices." There can be no doubt that this book does explore the market for Catholic writers. As for extending the audience, one wonders if the book will reach the people who need to be informed of the Catholic potential. Catholic readers are already familiar with most of these Catholic writers. Is the secular publisher and reader going to be attracted by a potential that is self-limited by a label?

The book is a project of the Catholic Press Association in connection with Catholic Press Month.

FORTUNATA CALERI

America • MARCH 17, 1956

Bud of an Idea

LINCOLN AND THE BLUEGRASS: SLAVERY AND CIVIL WAR IN KENTUCKY

By William H. Townsend. University of
Kentucky Press. 392p. \$6.50

Kentucky's contribution to Lincoln's mind on slavery is the absorbing theme of this artistically written and handsomely illustrated volume. Author William Townsend, Bluegrass resident and owner of one of the largest private collections of Lincolnia, more than thirty years ago introduced himself to the readers and students of Lincoln. His record for a dozen years (1923-1934) was a third of a dozen good books on Lincoln's relation to liquor, law and Lexington, "Heart of the Bluegrass."

This present work, an outgrowth of Townsend's labor on Lexington, has



been twenty-five years in the writing but the net result is worth the quarter of a century of patient research in materials previously unknown or unavailable.

Townsend's thesis is that Lincoln's personal contacts with slavery in the Bluegrass afforded him both insight and perspective relative to the "peculiar institution." In Kentucky the "future Emancipator saw vexatious problems and the difficulties of their solution from the Southerner's own viewpoint." This same community likewise fed the fires of antislavery agitation so furiously that Lincoln himself would admit that here sounded the "first real specific alarm about the institution of slavery."

Lincoln boasted three bonds with Kentucky. He was born there in Hardin County in 1809; he went there for a wife in 1842; and he fashioned there firm friendships with Henry and Cassius Marcellus Clay. Until the age of seven, Lincoln knew only the rude log cabin whose floor was dirt and whose chimney was stick "daubed with clay." Nor

was the heavily timbered soil of neighboring Indiana any haven of culture.

While Abe was railsplitting in Indiana and Illinois, the society circle in Lexington watched Mary Ann Todd grow prettier by the day. The blue-eyed, gingham-dressed girl of the grades matured rapidly. Reared in the very heart of the largest slaveholding community in Kentucky, Mary saw servitude in opposite extremes. Her father, Robert, was a patriarch and "nowhere did the yoke of bondage rest more lightly than on the servants" in the Todd household. Yet on the thoroughfare in front of her home Mary watched the human traffic enroute to the slave markets of the South.

In 1842 Mary Todd married the man who had, five years previously, publicly proclaimed that "slavery is founded on injustice and bad policy." She shared with him the secrets of her youth, and when they visited Lexington on their way to Congress, Lincoln saw and appreciated what his wife had confided to him. Some "negroes under no circumstances would have accepted freedom from their beloved 'white folks,'" yet even in Lexington, Lincoln saw, "slavery had its darker side."

Here began to grow the conviction that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." In the Bluegrass "Lincoln had definitely obtained a deeper insight into the problem of slavery . . . personal contact and firsthand observation had given him a grasp of the situation which he could have acquired in no other way."

Finally, the statesmanship of Henry Clay and the belligerent politics of Cass Clay linked Lincoln to the Bluegrass. Their opponents were his opponents and he was called a "black Republican." Lexington, however, served to clarify Lincoln's thinking. He thought slavery was "wrong, morally and politically." He desired that there should be no further spread of it in the United States and he "should not object if it should gradually terminate in the whole Union."

He understood that Kentuckians differed "radically" from him on this "proposition." Kentuckians "believe slavery is a good thing; that slavery is right; that it ought to be extended and perpetuated in this Union."

The broad difference between Lincoln and Kentucky was the broad difference between the "Blue" and the "Gray." This book details neither the war nor the life of a President, yet it satisfies its reader in an admirable way.

HARRY J. SIEVERS

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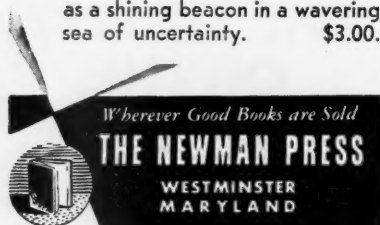
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Two Far-Away Lands

SOME INNER FURY

By Kamala Markandaya. Day. 255p. \$3.50

The author's note states that this book is based on the exception. We might add that this book is also the exception to the rule that a second novel rarely lives up to the first.

As in her earlier novel, *Nectar in a Sieve*, the author speaks through a woman. Mira, of the present book, plays a very different role from that of her sister. But they are alike in their compassion and wisdom.

Simply stated this is a love story. But the background is that of India in her struggle for independence, which cannot be simply stated. Mira, only daughter of an upper-class Hindu family, is caught between the clashing forces. On the one hand there is her deep-rooted love of family, and on the other there is her love for Richard, her brother's English friend. Even within her own people she feels the division—between Kit, her blood brother, urbane, Oxford-educated man of the world; Govind, her adopted brother, intense, unhappy, losing his own freedom in his passion for it; Premala, Kit's wife, who wants to only be his wife; and Roshan, the woman nationalist with whom she works, and from whom she learns much of India's needs and wants.

Although the story deals with violence, it is non-violent. And it is in the telling that this is accomplished. One might say there is an inevitability about it, an acceptance of the fact that violence was necessary at this particular time.

Mira is drawn into the struggle almost as an interested onlooker because of her love for Richard. It is only when she finds herself in the midst of it that she realizes that it is never enough merely to sit on the sidelines and mean well. When she finally takes her stand it is with the heart-breaking and desolate awareness that it matters not to the world if, in man's constant search for freedom, a heart or a body must be broken.

And take a stand she must, for in times of upheaval there is no middle way. It is only with time that tolerance and understanding come.

Miss Markandaya wields her pen with a fine hand. There is understanding here, and compassion, and few recriminations. This is not a happy story, but it is a beautifully written and absorbing one.

LISA FAY



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America • MARCH 17, 1956

TONGA: A Tale of the Friendly Islands.
By Patricia Ledyard. Appleton-Century-Crofts. 308p. \$3.75

Practically everyone who followed the news stories from London at the time of Queen Elizabeth II's coronation will remember the colorful Queen Salote, ruler of Tonga, that wide-flung group of South Sea Islands under British protectorate. What made the gigantic, dark-skinned ruler particularly newsworthy was her personality; her radiant friendliness was the spotlight that set her apart from more conventional royalty.

It is intriguing to find her in her native setting, in this pleasant tale of life "down under." Queen Salote is a background character in the story of an American woman anthropologist and a Scotch doctor, who met as the former arrived to be headmistress in a mission-run college, and who soon found that, as the Tongans say, "God made their hearts comfortable" together.

But if the Queen is secondary to the reticent idyll, her spirit is part of its happy setting. Seen as the absolute ruler of a rigidly stratified society, she appears both more regal and more serious than in the earlier picture, but no less representative of the Friendly Islands.

The benevolence that she shows impartially toward her subjects and the white people is strongly rooted in her religious beliefs: "God and Tonga" are her inheritance. What her religion is, the author does not say. One of her daughters-in-law, wife of the crown prince and mother of a future king, was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Vava'u, but much of the Christianity of the Islands appears to be Wesleyan.

Miss Ledyard has little respect for the mission people connected with the college where she taught; she found them narrow, smug, pietistic and most un-Christian in their attitude toward the natives. She herself loves the Tongans, their character, their way of life and their legends.

From the spacious verandahs of her house she looks down on the fantastic beauty of the jeweled harbor; in the small village is deep contentment. Here, she thinks, is an ideal place in which to bring up her little daughter, who, as the result of being named for a Tongan friend, has acquired a huge and doting second family.

"Thank you very much," they say, "for the nice baby."

MARJORIE HOLLIGAN

SEA-WYF

By J. M. Scott. Dutton. 255p. \$3.50

Few books demand to be finished at once, but this is one of them. The story grew out of a series of ads that appeared in the personal column of the London *Daily Telegraph* in 1951. The ads mentioned four people, who were known only by the names of Sea-Wyf, Biscuit, Bulldog and Number Four, and hinted at some intrigue that they had shared.

Out of these elements J. M. Scott has reconstructed an adventure story of eager suspense. The author insinuates that this is indeed a true story, recreated as fiction to make identification of the persons impossible. It is the speculation as to the verity of the story that entices the reader throughout the book.

Sea-Wyf is a sea story that combines the best elements of shipwreck with the details of a Robinson Crusoe exist-

ence. Excitement grows out of attacks by sharks and disastrous storms, and all the horrors of lack of food and drink. But the true worth of the book lies in the tensions that are set up among the four characters on the raft, two Englishmen, a half-caste and a girl.

The four people make a good psychological combination that accounts for much of the movement of the novel. Their relationship to each other, and their moral growth and decline, as the case may be, is consistent and credible, making for a unified structure.

The author's style is somewhat reminiscent of Conan Doyle; the descriptions are clear-cut, and words are used with spare economy. The movement of the plot is all-important, and the climaxes are timed precisely.

The ending is perhaps a little melodramatic, yet the author succeeds in holding the reader to the last word.

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This is one of the few adventure stories in a number of years that is good old-fashioned story-telling at its best.

BARBARA SAMSON MILLS

BEHIND THE MOUNTAINS

By Oliver LaFarge. Houghton Mifflin. 179p. \$3

Mr. LaFarge's new book is delightful on a number of counts. First of all, it is wonderfully readable, which means that the writing is clear, admirably paced, and marked by that individual distinction which comes only from an artist's mastery of his medium. Second,

the material is fresh and inherently attractive. Here we have an account of a way of life which could be observed only in New Mexico, but in all the long list of books about New Mexico, there is nothing in the least like it.

This tells of a Spanish-American family on their great ranch in northeastern New Mexico, and of the gentle feudalism by which they lived even in the twentieth century, and which, like so many other patterns of society, fell victim to the economic letdown of the '30s. Finally, the adventures of spirit and character which we encounter through this family embrace a wide range of

moods—comic, ghostly, tragic, devout. Mr. LaFarge has found the perfect style through which to project all of it.

In form the book is a suite of sketches arranged in chronological order so that the whole, while not attempting the organic nature of a novel or a group biography, still adds up in interest to more than the sum of its parts.

The episodes are relived at one remove, so to speak, for Mr. LaFarge's wife is a daughter of the household about which he writes, and he has drawn from her memories, and those of her mother, sisters and brother, for his chronicle.

The author gives us a keen sense of the high mountain meadows where the family lived, and he animates a varied cast of characters—children in all their droll mystery and mischief, parents in the dignity and charm of their cultivated Spanish and French heritage, the rich-natured priest of a wideflung mountain parish, the Spanish-American servants and ranch hands, a gifted and sinister horse-thief, an old blind native woman. He reveals them all as individuals and, too, he sees them in all their abstract humanity, so that they stand for more than themselves. It is his power to do this which makes *Behind the Mountains* a work of literature.

If the work has any flaw it lies in the author's literal translations of various Spanish idioms to convey the foreign flavor of native New Mexican speech. By this method the speech is made to seem foreign not only to us but also to the native speakers. In a format otherwise attractive, the jacket illustration suggests a movie conception of Spanish California rather than anything to do with New Mexico.

PAUL HORGAN

THE GREEN KINGDOM

By Harry Woodbourne. Bond Wheelwright. 310p. \$3.75

One of the pleasures of living in New York is in gazing into the florists' shops that are so frequent and often so palatial. But these florists only assemble the flowers and plants. Who are their actual cultivators? From whose acres do they come? And whose imagination and skills are back of these grand displays? To these questions I have been given affable and rewarding answers by the writer of *The Green Kingdom*.

Like poets, painters, actors, astronomers, explorers, pugilists and all persons who have a vocation they can put their hearts into, horticulturists (or perhaps I should say nurserymen) look on theirs as a way of life, a way of salvation.

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There are values beyond the excitement of creating new varieties.

Would you remove your children from the strongest temptations to steal? Plant an orchard. If children cannot obtain fruit at home, they are very apt to steal it; and when they have learned to steal fruit, they are in a fair way to learn to steal horses. Would you cultivate a constant feeling of thankfulness towards the Great Giver of all good? Plant an orchard. By having constantly before you one of the greatest blessings given to man, you must be hardened indeed if you are not influenced by a spirit of humility and thankfulness.

The writer of *The Green Kingdom* is the head of the Woodbourne Cultural Nurseries in Long Island and the Woodbourne Garden Centre. As a boy he came to the United States from the Ukraine where his father owned tracts of pine forest. He combines poetry with horticulture. *The Green Kingdom*, which contains verse but is prose in its character, is a soliloquy in which the practical and the idealistic, the informative and the imaginative are in the same nursery; poems, about fifty of them, are strewn like daisies through the book.

I find fascinating the buds of information that this nurseryman gives. Didn't you believe that the magnolia's homeland is the Southern states and that its chief purpose is to point up the lovely skin of the southern woman? Well, you were wrong: "Dr. Pierre Magnol, a physician and botanist, brought the Magnolia from France for the Botanical Gardens in Montpellier, where he was Director." Did you know that the eucalyptus is a myrtle? Well, it is.

And how information about plants prolongs the vista of history! The long-cultivated olive tells a history as far back as the most ancient inscriptions. The apple originated in Southern Asia and, making its way to our countries, has had its name repeated by ancient Italian, ancient German, ancient Celt. The peony, originating in China, gave a name to the Greek God of Healing.

When we ponder on men's dealings with fruits and flowers, we realize that our gardeners and nurserymen stand at the end of a long journey. "As civilization advanced, man left the forest, yet he brought with him an inborn instinct to environ himself with greens. This may be observed by the manner in which he plants miniature forests around his home. It is an expression of the left-over heritage from the wild."

As we read this passage we are reminded of Walter de la Mare's lines.—

Nobody knows
Through what wild centuries
Roves the rose.

I have said nothing about the poems in *The Green Kingdom*. On the pages they are charming. They are like asides in a long discourse, appropriate and memorable asides.

The Green Kingdom, truly, is one of the most refreshing books I have read in recent months.

PADRAIC COLUM

FORTUNATA CALIRI is an instructor at Lowell Teachers College, Mass.

REV. HARRY J. SIEVERS, S.J., who took his doctorate in history at Georgetown University, is author of *Benjamin Harrison: Hoosier Warrior* (Regnery).

MARJORIE HOLLIGAN has been chairman of the Long Island Critic's Forum.

PAUL HORGAN, resident of New Mexico, won the Pulitzer Prize last year for his *Great River: A History of the Rio Grande* (Rinehart).

PADRAIC COLUM's latest book was *A Treasury of Irish Folklore*, 1954 (Crown).

THE WORD

Then the Jews asked Him, Hast Thou seen Abraham, Thou, who art not yet fifty years old? And Jesus said to them, Believe Me, before ever Abraham came to be, I am (John 8:57-58; Gospel for Passion Sunday).

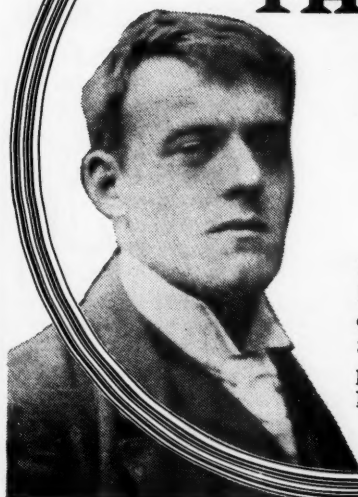
On Passion Sunday Holy Mother Church goes into mourning. She dons her annual purple veils of sorrow, for this day introduces the final and most solemn period of Lent. Yet it always comes as a mild surprise that the liturgical Gospel of Passion Sunday has nothing to do with Christ's passion.

What we read and hear today is our Lord's clear claim to divinity. It is as if Mother Church annually reminds us, as we stand again on the threshold of the bitter passion, that the whole point about our Saviour's suffering is not *what* was suffered, but *who* it was that suffered. If the man on the cross is not God, then he is really just another man on another cross, and Good Friday simply commemorates a particularly touching martyrdom among the very many such tragedies which mar or illumine the pages of the world's history.

Portrait of a genius as a young man

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author of *THE LODGER*



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Would it be erroneous to define the Catholic layman as a non-cleric who believes that Christ is God? Perhaps such a definition lacks precision, for surely there are non-Catholics who believe in the divinity of our Lord. Yet, one wonders, are there many such, nowadays, outside the Church? Would it not be fairly accurate to suggest that the average contemporary Protestant is not exactly *sure* that Jesus truly possesses a divine as well as a human nature? But the Catholic layman is sure of this complex, mysterious theological truth. For him, Christ did indeed antedate Abraham, and Adam too, because God is from all eternity, and Christ is God.

This conviction exercises untold and most profound influence over the Catholic man.

The lay son of Holy Mother Church renders to Christ a service which is altogether unique because it does not fit into any of the categories of devotion paid by one man, however dedicated, to another man, however exalted. In the most ordinary example, the very name, *Jesus*, is, for the good Catholic, a sanctity. Even in the daily usage of common speech the Catholic man steadily regards the appellation *Jesus Christ* (in itself, not notably different from *Julius Caesar*) as *that name which is greater than any other name; so that everything in heaven and on earth and under the earth must bend the knee before the name of Jesus*.

In the mind of any truly rational being, such sacredness does not attach to the mere name of any mere man. The Catholic reverences the Holy Name for it is the name of the God-man.

It might be added that the Catholic layman does not occasionally spend three days in a retreat-house among monks or get up in the middle of the night for an hour of what is properly called *nocturnal adoration* because he feels that the Carpenter of Nazareth was a carpenter from a place called Nazareth.

Because he believes in the divinity of Christ, the layman in the Church likewise reposes a unique confidence in his Lord and Saviour.

It is very noteworthy that the good Catholic layman, even as he makes his laborious way through life, does not commonly suffer from that awful sense of being alone, of standing unaided, of lying abandoned, which does periodically afflict many a genial and decent agnostic in our workday world. We need not argue that the sincere Catholic, as he goes about his daily job, constantly experiences an acute sense of the abiding presence of God. But since this earnest fellow completely believes not merely that Christ *was*, but that Christ *is*, that Christ is not only his fellowman, but his Lord and his God, for this quite adequate reason the Catholic layman feels that the Saviour of the world is both disposed to help him in any difficulty, and entirely competent to see him securely through any problem, crisis, danger or temptation whatsoever.

Of old, almighty God used to say to His chosen nation, *I will be your God, and you will be My people*. The good Catholic layman of today will say to Christ, "You are my God, and I am Your man."

VINCENT P. MCCORRY, S.J.

THEATRE

AGE AND GRACE. One of the dramatic surprises of the season is the delightful *Cradle Song*, which describes life in a convent. By climbing to the Blackfriar's West 57th Street eyrie in New York, persevering theatregoers can now find a worthy companion piece which describes life in a rectory.

Although there is a rectory in every parish, few laymen know anything about it except its location and the fact that the pastor and his curates live there. The actual tempo and color of life in ecclesiastical residences seems to be a trade secret among the middle-aged women who serve as housekeepers.

There is an officious housekeeper in St. Rita's rectory, with a rope of silver-white hair coiled high on her head, and wearing a starched apron. Whenever the phone rings she engages in a foot race with the curates, usually getting her hand on the receiver first. It can be taken for granted that she would resent anybody answering the doorbell ahead of her, since that chore is one of her prescribed duties.

By some stratagem, which remains his own secret, Dominic Rover manages to get around the amazon guarding the secrets of St. Rita's rectory. In *Age and Grace* he has disclosed them to the lay intelligence. It turns out that there are no secrets worth guarding in St. Rita's rectory, as is probably true of all other rectories. Life is interesting in the rectory, however, and humorous as well. But there are differences of personality and conflicts of opinion. The pastor and his youngest curate cannot agree on whether a girl in the parish is a true mystic or an invalid in need of psychiatry. Idealism clashes with authority.

It is a simple story related in a plain manner, without detours or excess verbiage. The author creates the illusion of spontaneous living with a surprising economy of words. There is hardly a wasted line in the play.

Roy Monsell is the harried pastor and Paul Burgess the idealistic young curate; William Bramley is a curate given to phlegmatic humor and Billy M. Green is an irenic monsignor. To qualify their performances would be unfair and superfluous, as each seems to have been trained for the cloth rather than the stage.

Madge West is properly authoritarian as the housekeeper, Susan Petrone is

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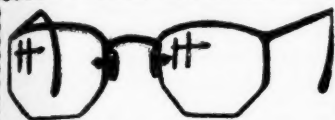
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persuasive as a polio victim and Alice Kent convincing as her mother. Bill Harahan gives a competent performance as a psychiatrist. The direction by Dennis Gurney is flawless and the settings by Floyd Allan are adequate for their function. As a production venture, *Age and Grace* is one of the Friars' better achievements.

Young writers may be interested to learn that the Friars are always willing to consider new scripts. They will produce any type of play from religious costume-drama to naturalistic comedy. Their only condition is that the manuscript has not had former commercial production. THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

RICHARD III (*Lopert*) is a Shakesperian performance on film which, for visual beauty, beauty of language and calibre of acting can hardly be bettered. No one with any interest in such refinement will want to miss it. At the same time it is not as wholly satisfying as *Henry V*, which the present film's producer, director and star, Laurence Olivier, on leave from the Royal Navy, put together toward the close of World War II. No other cinematic excursion into Shakespeare is ever likely to be.

Henry V had, of course, the enormous advantage of being the first Shakesperian play projected onto the screen with an artistry that combined respect for the text with an understanding of the requirements of the film medium. But beyond its impact as a setter of precedent the play, as written, lent itself to screen treatment with a seemingly effortless inevitability that enriched the undertaking with a set of extra values impossible to duplicate.

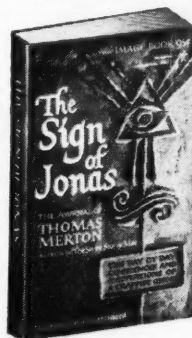
Opening on the stage of the Globe Theatre, *Henry V* conveyed a fascinating, unobtrusively educational dividend in Elizabethan stagecraft. Then, taking literally the injunction of the Chorus to "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts," it soared out into a stylized, deliberately unreal world which provided a unified solution to the most vexing problem besetting screen adapters of Shakespeare. The problem: Shakespeare wrote for a theatre in which words must perforce carry the full dramatic load. The other elements necessary for good screencraft have to be imposed artificially and sometimes with an air of desperate contrivance.

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Besides being the closest thing to a screen play that Shakespeare ever wrote, *Henry V* had all the elements commonly described as popular entertainment—spectacle, heroism, romance, comedy—in addition to a patriotic propaganda content ideally suited for the sorely tried inhabitants of wartime Britain.

Richard III presents an altogether less attractive and less varied canvas: it is a somber and bloody picture of a man who murdered his way to the throne only to perish by violence when that goal was reached. An added difficulty arises from the fact that an articulate group is currently dedicated to spreading, with impressive documentation, the proposition that Richard was a splendid man who was libeled by history and by Shakespeare. Apparently to forestall the objections of the Society of Friends of Richard III, Olivier inserts an elliptical preface acknowledging that the play may be a legend and then declaring that legends are inseparably a part of history. He attempts to mitigate the bloodthirstiness of the yarn by delivering his murder-plotting soliloquies in conversational, half-jesting asides to the audience, though there is nothing tongue-in-cheek about the explicit savagery with which Richard's death is staged.

The actor-director has approached the over-all task of adaptation with practised skill. He has edited the text with an eye to, if not entirely clarifying the dynastic muddle of Lancastrians and Yorkists, removing as much extraneous confusion as possible. Mad Margaret and her baleful prophecies have thus fallen victim to the cutter's shears along with all references to her late husband, Henry VI.

The direction is remarkably fluid especially in creating telling visual transitions and the physical production is very nearly as lovely as that of *Henry V*. The supporting cast reads like a who's who of the British stage: Ralph Richardson is Buckingham; John Gielgud, robbed by an eminently logical cut of one of his two big scenes, is Clarence; Claire Bloom is the tragic Anne, no more explicable on the screen than in the original; Cedric Hardwicke is Edward IV; and Pamela Browne plays the interpolated, and except for four perfunctory words, mute role of Edward's mistress, Jane Shore. Their combined efforts and those of everyone else concerned fall short only when measured against the most exacting of precedents.

MOIRA WALSH

[L of D: A-I]

Correspondence (Continued)

by Sister Therese, Fr. Houtart's research in Chicago, those of Bro. Schnepf and Bro. McCaffrey, and recent studies undertaken by Fordham University's Sociological Research Laboratory.

(REV.) JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER, S.J.
Shrub Oak, N. Y.

When Is It Official

EDITOR: In your welcome editorial on the "official" Catholic press you conclude with a wish that "our colleagues in the secular press would break the spell which that word 'official' seems to have on them" (AM. 2/25). Wouldn't it be more realistic for us simply to avoid such technical words?

Can we really blame our secular friends if they take "official Catholic publication" in the same sense as "official government communiqué"? Or, for example, "Congregation of Propaganda" in the same sense as "Soviet propaganda machine"?

(REV.) PAUL HILSDALE, S.J.
Los Gatos, Calif.

Protest and Praise

EDITOR: It was with a great deal of interest that I read your article entitled "What's in a Name?" in the Jan. 21 issue of AMERICA.

... I would be most interested to know just what kind of "Catholic representation" there was on the board of the National Citizens Council for the Public Schools...

(MRS.) BARBARA M. MCCARTHY
San Gabriel, Calif.

EDITOR: The other day I picked up a copy of AMERICA in the library where I work. I knew it was a Catholic publication and I am a non-Catholic. . . .

I was attracted by your article "And Gladly Teach" by Sr. Mary Consolata, B.V.M. I was so delighted with her refreshing style and her earnest message that I felt compelled to write to you to tell you so.

(MRS.) JUDITH PILKINGTON
Lexington, Mass.

Appeal for More

EDITOR: Thanks for Fr. McCluskey's comments on the Christianity Issue of *Life* (AM. 12/31/55, p. 369). Could we have, perhaps in the near future, a more thorough examination of the warmed-over "distortions of Church history"?

(REV.) JOHN J. TOTI, S.J.
Regina, Sask., Canada

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